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James Hunter

THREE MODERN SEERS

By
MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO

MY HUSBAND

HAVELOCK ELLIS

WHOSE HELP IN MY WORK

HAS BEEN ITS GREATEST STIMULUS

PREFACE

The three men I have called seers in these chapters have been chosen as representing various sides of the moral, intellectual, and spiritual outlook of our age. Hinton, a veritable Don Quixote of the newer morality, Nietzsche, a modern Lucifer of the intellect, and Carpenter, a Child of the Spirit, all meet on the common ground of a striving towards perfection of individual character as the chief factor in social progress. However contradictory their methods may appear at first sight, these prophets of a sane morality are at one in their plea for a solidarity working from within outwards. In their individual conceptions we find that their belief is, that evil is the handmaid of good, and that good

is the ultimate conclusion of the whole matter. If the messages of these three latter-day prophets were amalgamated, a practical working scheme for daily living could be easily evolved. To have the courage to face problems according to Hinton, to dare to knock down traditions and conventions according to Nietzsche, to be serene and brave enough to live out what we have discovered, through our introspection and destruction, according to Carpenter, is the way to the larger vision and the definite action. Every experiment in fine living is a novitiate for the newer experience which is bound to follow. To-day we are on the verge of a great upheaval in our social life, and the followers of men like these three seers of the new order must have the courage to work into definite action the ideals the forerunners have proclaimed.

I have not attempted to put these studies into literary style, but present them prac-

tically as they were delivered from the lecture platform some years ago, in the hope that they may help those who are groping in the new paths, and who may be glad of a few hints as to the byways which lead to the open road.

E. M. O. Ellis.

Carbis Bay Cornwall.
March, 1910.

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JAMES HINTON'S LIFE

CHAPTER I

JAMES HINTON'S LIFE

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JAMES HINTON'S name is known to many, but the essential characteristics of the man and his work are known to few. Fear—the fear of the orthodox towards the newer revelation of truth—has stood in the way of a true understanding of a real seer. A man who dared to say, "Christ was the Saviour of men, but I am the saviour of women, and I don't envy Him a bit," has to be reckoned with in a different way from the one chosen by Ellice Hopkins in

the *Life and Letters of James Hinton*, which, so far, is the only personal record we have of this man.

Hinton was a force, a great force, because he was a veritable child of Nature as well as a practical doctor, a mystic, and a very warm-hearted human creature. A child of Nature and a seer can unravel a few mysteries for us. "Practical mystics," said Lord Rosebery once, when speaking of Gordon, "are among the great driving forces of the world."

The more we study James Hinton the more we realise that he was such a driving force, and he came with his message at a time when science seemed at war with religion. Hinton was a modern seer who realised some of the strange wonders that may arise from the mystic marriage of science with religion. We are learning more and more that this union is not a wizard's dream, but a great reality. Hinton was one of the first modern scientists to

realise that the physical and the spiritual are not two worlds, but one, the physical being the appearance or phenomenon of which the spiritual is the reality.

"Matter," says Hinton, "is a mere symbol or expression, without any meaning of its own, for some unknown fact. To deny it is no less absurd than to assert it; it has to be interpreted."

What Hinton felt to be more important than to invent, or even to discover, another world, was to rightly interpret this, and here comes in the sanity of this man as against those who, while trying to grasp the things beyond their reach, fail to understand and interpret what is under their eyes and waiting for service at their hands.

"We *are* in the spiritual and eternal world," wrote Hinton: "there is no other in which we can be, for there is no other. These physical existences, as we call them, are the spiritual and eternal existence as it is perceived by us, related to the true existence, as the 'appearance' perceived by the eye is related to the physical object of which it is the appearance. That is, our existences are the phenomena of the eternal existence."

Hinton knew that there is really no need for us, at intervals, to insist on people fixing their thoughts on eternal things, for he realised well enough that there are no others. All this to him was not cant, but revelation, and joy, and freedom, as it was to Swedenborg and Joan of Arc after their revelations. Hinton, however, was before his time, and he shared the fate of his kind. He was tortured by mediocrity. His message was too big, and his interpreters were too small. The consequence is, that he stands to-day in the public mind as a cross between a dangerous sensualist and an impossible idealist, and, though tongues wag over him and heads shake, the real man and his real mission remain unfocussed.

To understand a man and his work it is necessary to follow the life which makes the work. I knew Mrs. Hinton and also Miss Caroline Haddon, Mrs. Hinton's sister and Hinton's great helper in his work. I have also had the valuable help of his great

friend and co-worker, Mrs. Boole, in preparing these chapters on Hinton's life and work, so that I feel I may speak with a certain authority, and without impertinence, on some matters which are not realised about this mystic scientist, of whom indeed it might be written over any mistakes he may have made, "Much shall be forgiven him, for he loved much."

James Hinton was the son of a well-known Baptist minister, the Rev. Howard Hinton, and Eliza Birt, his wife. He was born at Reading in 1822, and was the third of eleven children. His father was an excellent geologist and naturalist, and it is said that he was an eloquent preacher. This eloquence was certainly inherited by his son, who often outran eloquence in an incontinence of speech which led him into many difficulties of action. A breath of scandal on these difficulties by casual outsiders, who rarely can truly interpret what they neither know nor understand, may account for some

of the wild stories still current about this man, who understood and helped women and so was often misinterpreted by those whom he had helped most.

James Hinton's chief characteristics were inherited from his mother, who was a rare personality. Probably Hinton's attitude towards all women came in the first instance from his love of one woman, his mother. His childhood was happy, but the loss of his brother Howard, from scarlet fever, brought him in contact with stern realities when he was about twelve. He then became his mother's right hand. He never went to a public school or college, and this may account for much that was characteristic and peculiar in his character. Perhaps we may rightly attribute Hinton's entire absence of prejudice, and his singular freedom from the intellectual prepossessions of any particular school of thought, to this fact.

Yet, realising the innate individuality of the man, one hesitates to declare that

Winchester or Oxford would have pruned him into a conventional shape. He was so entirely himself. He was quite untraditionalised about his clothes, his ideals, his aims, and his actions. The man who went down Fleet Street barefooted and dressed as a beggar in order to understand the feelings of a tramp, and who got drunk simply to see if he would feel inclined to beat his wife, might have been influenced a great deal through such experiments, but very little through a public-school and college routine. The friend who came to see him and found him eating a mutton chop and dissecting a human ear at the same time, would have found it difficult to place this intense, enthusiastic, unconventional, and in many ways uncontrolled nature under the banner of "good form" and "balance" to which the world gives its favour.

It is true Hinton lacked ballast, and his philosophy needs co-ordinating, but it is a

philosophy which repays investigation and which as yet has not been given in its fulness to the world.

This seer, with the almond-shaped blue eyes, liquid as a woman's, soft skin, brown hair, long and high forehead, narrow, pallid and hollow cheeks, large quivering nostrils, and curved mouth betokening the ascetic and the sensualist alike—the upper lip being thin, and the lower full and sensitive—this quivering, vibrating creature, dreadfully thin, not with illness, but through the fire which consumed him, this muscularly strong man with the tenderness of a woman, has still to be reckoned with in our solution of modern problems.

We have many things to face in the near future. Perhaps the biggest revolution the world has ever known is close at hand—the revolution of love. Hinton is a distinct herald of purer and saner revelations than we dare as yet to realise. He was not only a very original thinker on many matters,

but during the last five years of his life he was as a prophet consumed with a terrific message.

In 1872, three years before his death, in a letter to Miss Haddon, he said he had a feeling that his unpublished manuscripts would be far the most important of his works, for he knew that the records of his thinking would be more far-reaching than his made-up books. It is with some of these manuscripts that I propose to deal.

Hinton's great love of truth, his immense intellectual courage, which led him to accept the consequences of any logical conclusion, whatever it might cost him, make this suggestive thinker and his work valuable to modern students of sociology and ethics. Hinton's purity of life and intense love of two women, his mother and his wife, his harebrained and impulsive assertions, at times, to the unreasoning small-talkers around him, from whom he always expected understanding, in spite of the continual

well-meaning misinterpretation of his aims and his life, endear him to us, because of his great humanity and his love of truth. He missed the advantages and disadvantages of a public-school and college training, but the world educated him in a very real sense.

The first work he did to earn his living was to take a situation as a youth at a wholesale draper's in Whitechapel. Here he realised, in a way he never forgot, the cruelty of the undeveloped man and the degradation of the wronged woman. His life in Whitechapel made its mark on all his future life, though he was only there a year. After that he went to Bristol as an insurance clerk. At nineteen he fell in love with Margaret Haddon. One feels very tender towards this ill-clothed, uncouth, reserved youth, who could not express his feelings and who only turned white when in the presence of the woman he loved.

James Hinton could never be made to care about his outward appearance. I

remember well how Mrs. Hinton emphasised the fact of the incompatibility of genius, not only with tidiness, but with domestic happiness. She knew, Hinton knew, we all know, that mediocrity of temperament is the best security for domestic happiness, but domestic happiness may not be the be-all and end-all of the divine plan for all Nature's children. Hinton was a veritable child of Nature, and he was also a genius, in the sense that he has interpreted genius, as a vehicle through which the intimate heart of Nature can express herself for God, a temperament of impulse and naturalness whose affinity is more often with weakness than with strength. Genius is not, according to Hinton, supreme, intellectual or other power, but unconscious and glad obedience to the impulses of Nature.

In his twentieth year Hinton entered at St. Bartholomew's, and when he had qualified he practised as assistant surgeon at Newport in Essex. Here we get the first

record of his religious doubts. The time had arrived when he felt he must cast off the orthodox views he had gained from others and search for truth for himself, and not only for himself, but to reassure the woman he loved. We have a glimpse into the double agony he went through when he felt he must renounce every cherished belief. He knew, young as he was, that no good woman can really dedicate herself except to a dedicated man. He began even in his youth to realise—what it takes some of us nearly all our lives to grasp—that neither comfort, money, fame, nor even love itself can satisfy any life which is not first dedicated to truth and the service of others.

The tension of Hinton's mind about religion was relieved by a journey to Jamaica in 1847, as medical officer in an emigrant ship. During a year's absence we find in his letters to his future wife that things were opening out for him. On his return he became engaged to Margaret Haddon, and

he was then a dedicated man in two senses —to a woman and to work. The curious combination of arrogance and humility which we find in his letters at this time gives the keynote to all his future life. He seemed always to be either kicking against the pricks or bowing his head. "I look upon myself as a sort of conglomeration of faults, a kind of aggregate of defects put into a bodily shape," he says.

In 1852 he married, and in 1853 his first child, Howard, was born, and then we get a ten years' record of hard work and domestic happiness, not without struggle, for more children came, and his income was small.

It is very interesting to follow him through his work as a general practitioner. In these days it is a universally received fact that mind can affect matter. To Hinton it came as a great revelation when he was studying homeopathy that—

"anything that acts on the emotions will cause or cure disease, because of the simple fact that all the

emotions produce a specific effect upon the small vessels, the capillaries, which expand under exciting and pleasing emotions and contract under depressing ones."

We have only to look around us and we can see daily before us emotions setting up those processes which cause diseases and cure them. One rarely finds a person who is passionately in love ill, and one rarely finds a bad-tempered grumbler well. Hinton gives an instance of the triumph of mind over matter during his study of homeopathy, which led him to many of his conclusions about suggestion. One of the physicians at the Homeopathic Hospital wanted to go to the Derby, but there were still some patients to see, and two of the cases were serious. Hinton took his friend's duty, and as he had experimented often with bread pills, he gave these patients sugar of milk. Some days after, both patients came again, cured. One had found his pains much worse after the physic, but he soon began

to mend, and the other was cured at once!

Social and moral questions gradually became absorbing matters in Hinton's life. He jotted down his impressions, theories and facts, every night. The manuscripts to which I have had access would alone be a life's work for any man, but when one thinks of him as a celebrated aurist and also a writer of such published books as *Man and His Dwelling-Place*, and *Life in Nature*, there is no wonder that the brain gradually became overtaxed and that the man died before his time. His thoughts were always written down as they came to him, and they continually outgrew their expression. To pick out his meaning from these rapidly written pages is sometimes almost as difficult as it was for his hearers to unravel sense from nonsense, when he incessantly talked out to all sorts of muddle-headed people the results of his, as yet, unformulated conclusions. His passionate desire for know-

ledge made him long to give up his life to philosophy, but in 1863 he resolutely locked his manuscripts away and accepted an appointment as aural surgeon at Guy's Hospital. At the same time he worked a specialist's practice in the West End. Money worries obliged him to do this, and there was no other way out while he had a wife and family depending on him.

In 1866 Mr. Toynbee, his great friend and fellow-worker, died, and Hinton succeeded to his practice and lived in Savile Row. Then, at last, came the reaction from the torture of money worries, and prosperity and congenial friends made life a different thing for James Hinton.

In 1869 he felt justified in unlocking his manuscripts, and he devoted his evenings to philosophy. He worked feverishly to make up for lost time, and the strain was too great. His large practice, his incessant activity, and the mere mechanical writing

of his manuscripts were alone too much for one man's nervous strength.

In 1871 he passed through what Ellice Hopkins calls a moral revolution, but she is careful not to tell us what that revolution was. No competent biographer of James Hinton can, however, ignore this. He, above all men, would like the world to profit by what he foresaw and endured in the foretelling; and in these chapters on James Hinton I shall deal with these subjects in an open and fearless way.

I do not want to hurt the susceptibilities of any student or disciple of his who, accepting his more orthodox sayings, is yet nervous of his later conclusions and suggestions. I feel, however, that a man of this type needs an interpreter who has no fear of what the world may say or what the world can do if the truth is given to it.

No sincerity of purpose, no perplexed striving for truth, no action however igno-

rant and painful in its results, need crave for an apology from a world whose prevailing creed is, not the fine one Hinton proclaimed, "Love and do what you like," but "Do what you like, only don't be found out." I shall make no excuse, later on, for saying the truth, as far as I know it, of this man's conclusions on some grave questions.

A single, big, loving and humble nature like that of James Hinton will, nay, must, through its very warmth and impulsiveness, make mistakes; but mistakes are not treacheries against love and the eternal verities, but experiments in self-education. Once we look upon eternity as being here and now, death is seen as a mere station on our journey. It was surely this to Hinton. Hinton was a man who gave to the world a message he was too hurried to co-ordinate, and who died before his time and before he could even grasp the might of his own gospel.

James Hinton had a very special mes-

sage for humanity, but it has not been delivered yet. This message is even more peculiarly valuable in that he had not the serenity of faith of Edward Carpenter or the egoism and intellectual pride of Nietzsche. A man who is seeking attracts the seeker; a man who is honest helps truth. Hinton was a searcher for realities and a single and devoted lover of Nature and her laws.

Though he had not "arrived," he has, perhaps, through that very fact, helped some to see further than might otherwise have been possible, and for the sake of what we owe him we have no right to keep back a word of his meaning if we feel we can in any way interpret his intricate philosophy. Whether his conclusions are false or true, the man himself was true and so deserves a hearing.

As late as 1870 he wrote in a letter:

"Will my friends try after I am dead, for I cannot do it myself; I cannot say it as I mean and wish to tell the world, how beautiful and rich and

absolutely good, full of joy and gladness beyond all that heart can wish or imagination paint, I feel that the world is, this human life."

In 1874 he gave up his practice and spent the summer in Lulworth in Dorsetshire. In his last letter to his son he says:

"There is a wrong, an intense wrong, in our society, running all through our life, and it will be made righter some day. I dashed myself against it, but it is not one man's strength that can move it. It was too much for my brain, but it is by the failure of some that others succeed, and by my very foolishness, perhaps, there shall come a better success to others, perhaps more than any cleverness or wisdom of mine could have wrought, and I hope I have learnt, too, to be wiser. We have not come to the end, though I am so exhausted that I seem scarcely able to believe in anything more before me."

James Hinton died very suddenly at the last, of acute inflammation of the brain. He had gone to the Azores to see if a change would rest him, but he died at Porta Delgada in a hospital, after a few days of intense suffering, in which he knew

no one. This was on December 16th, 1875, when he was fifty-three years of age.

What is the particular line of thought which this extraordinary man has left us to work out? What object had he before him in searching out and combining so many curious and interesting details of psychology and metaphysics?

Hinton always looked on the art of the teacher as superior to that of the doctor, and he considered it monstrous that children should be taught nothing of morals and of their duties as citizens. This many-sided man was pre-eminently a teacher—a great moral teacher more than anything else—and all the arts he loved helped him to his moral conclusions. He was a passionate lover of music, and it gave him intense delight to follow the way in which music was constructed. He used to bury his face in his hands when something he liked was being played at the Monday Popular Concerts, and those who were near him said

that he looked afterwards as if he had passed through a great spiritual crisis.

As Miss Ellice Hopkins truly says, his most marked peculiarity was the intensely emotional character of his intellect. In approaching his solution of many moral problems we must always bear this in mind, and also we must remember that in many ways he needed ballast. In spite of this, however, here and there, and, in fact, in the greater part of his work and conclusions, we must also remember that we are dealing with a seer, one who could, and did, pierce the veil of the commonplace and so-called material facts of life and see beyond. In this very matter of music he says :

"I perceive how music represents the universe. It is an ideal, and it is emphatically a representative of the universe because it especially embraces discords, things evil in themselves, yet making an essential part of the perfection of the whole."

His study of pictures came later, and his analysis of these, even more than that of

music, opened up new ideas about morals and life. It was characteristic of the man to send some of his David Coxes to public-houses, so that they should be explained to the people there. His personal study of how a true artist expresses himself in a picture gave him the key as to how a man who wanted to make life an art should proceed. He saw, through his study of pictures, how the growing artist works through mere impulse into elaborate detail, and from elaborate detail into a freedom which, through its very width and knowledge, can dispense with slavish adherence to tradition and detailed morality, using these only as almost unconscious factors in the simplicity of the greater and stronger expression of himself.

To Hinton, then, the law was the same for both art and life. First, impulse, then elaboration of detail and restraint of impulse, and after that the deeper expression where detail and restraint are lost

in the larger beauty of simplicity and freedom.

The life of the animal is a life completely at one with Nature and with impulse, but it is a life below morality. The restraints of the conscious personality and the elaborate detail of morality have no part in the impulse of the mere animal desires and actions. The life of the ordinary average man is not at one even with Nature. A practical farmer may perhaps dare to assert that the life of the young man about town is not nearly as sound and close to Nature as the clean, sweet life of a dog, a cow, or a horse.

Hinton saw this as a doctor as well as a mystic. In animals, unless man interferes, we get a nature harmony. In the average man and woman we get impulses and conventions contradicting one another. It is natural animal impulse fighting with elaborate moral detail and conventional tradition. Restraint and duty push back impulse, or else impulse conquers. Restraint and duty

often go to the wall, and we say of the artist, in life or in art, this is failure, that is disaster. We can all see the conflict of impulse and goodness around us.

A good person is often dull, or cold, or hard, or too elaborate in restraint, and with an absence of delight in living. A false terror of impulse brings about an unreasoned sense of sin. Neither the person of uncontrolled impulses nor the person of unnatural restraint can, as artist or man, get to the perfect simplicity which the good man and the real artist must attain if they wish to achieve true greatness. The fuller freedom has welded both impulse and elaboration into an harmonious whole, making for beauty, simplicity, and a freedom which needs neither licence nor restraint.

Now, what Hinton realised as beauty in art he believed to be possible in morals. He stated that it is possible for man to attain to a life in which nature and passion can be at one with goodness. He always

felt goodness and impulse ought not to be antagonistic. Hinton wanted men and women to live above the law, not below it. He wanted them to live above mere impulse, and above the elaboration of the letter of morality, so that the true spirit of goodness can have a chance.

The highest life, according to Hinton, was one in which the impulses move spontaneously in the direction of right. He would have no waste of healthy, natural human feelings. The history of the individual passes through the irresponsible passion of the child, which is almost as unconscious of evil as in the animal. Later the evil comes in, when passion is pursued consciously or for conscious pleasure instead of for unconscious service. It is just at this point, when pleasure is emphasised and service is ignored, that gluttony and lust come in and spoil pleasure and service alike. It is at this stage that, in alarm, man brings in restraint, not on his sweet natural

impulses, but on his gluttony, and then we see what happens! He confounds the gluttony with the impulse, and restrains or condemns the good with the bad. We all know the process well enough. It is all around us, and we are all more or less suffering from the wrong conception that it is asceticism that is good and licence only that is bad.

They are both bad, because they are both equally self-centred, and so equally dangerous to human progress. Asceticism and licence are both enemies to the real freedom in which strength and purity, joy and exuberance, are essential factors. This greater freedom which unites service and pleasure is what James Hinton gave his life to teach.

He was the pioneer of a freedom which could easily dispense with both licence and restraint. He knew well enough that before we can really get this freedom a law-breaker is essential, and by a law-breaker he meant one who will dare to break the

letter in order to free the spirit. "I want one law for men and women," he said, "a law of the spirit. One law, the absolute desire for good in both."

Why he called himself a saviour of women was that he realised in the relations of men and women more than anywhere else how far away from being real artists we are. Uncontrolled impulse, elaboration of worldly detail, a hypocritical upholding of immoral so-called moralities all around us, all this is evident enough; but what of the simplicity and beauty of the lover who has passed beyond mere impulse and elaborate restraint into a perfect freedom? How many of these lovers, either among men or women, can any one of us count on our fingers?

Hinton believed absolutely in woman, and he realised how hampered she is in a society which has reached a certain high code of sexual morality whose best tenets are only held by the average man in theory. He saw clearly how the result of this lip

morality reacts on every class of woman in the community. It affects the class the average man monopolises and enervates, and the class he prostitutes and despises.

Intense suffering is the lot of both the pampered and the prostituted. Both are in chains and are to be equally pitied. Hinton saw this as a doctor, as a very human person, and above all as a social reformer and as a truly unselfish man.

"I think of him pre-eminently," said one of his most intimate friends, "as the one man I have known who never tolerated selfishness or self-regard in any shape or under any disguise, who hunted them pitilessly out of every corner in life. Each thing is to be put aside as soon as it grows into a self form."

James Hinton's conclusions about social reform, especially with regard to women, are open to question, but his motives were absolutely pure and simple. Whether passion should be made a basis of ethics is, of course, open to discussion, and his gospel

of "others' needs," wants more explanation than we have had as yet from his interpreters. To the very last Hinton did not know the world. He had neither the good nor the bad qualities of the real man of the world. He was Nature's child, and his visions and ideals were not those of the drawing-room, but of the heavens; and yet, fixed as his vision was on a star, his impulsive, earth-bound nature was as much torn and tossed, to the very end, as the villa-bound, strenuous, and perplexed seekers for truth who listened to his gospel.

Hinton was always open to the conviction that a newer vision might come to him at any time and modify or intensify the old one. The conception of truth, not Truth itself, he knew to be a fluid and not a rigid thing. As he characteristically said once, "My notions, though rather clever, may be the merest moonshine, no more likely to be true than that cats should walk on their tails."

He taught, and truly, that right is only a rigid thing when you are acting for self, and a fluid thing if acting for others. For instance, a man to whom keeping the Sabbath is a rigid thing will not only do no manner of work in a technical sense on Sunday, but he will refuse to save his neighbour's ox from death. He is bound by a rigid code which fossilises his impulses to good and limits his service powers. Hinton saw very clearly that we have made our morals consist in shutting our eyes to the relations of things. It will take a long time to supplant our traditionalised conception of morals by true morals. Hinton said it would take three generations, and he wisely held that we must begin with the children.

The people who follow in any degree their own inner vision of a new order of morality suffer from petty inquisition and social ostracism. The fear of this makes many good men and women cowards, and so a big

human good is delayed. We must neither be cowards nor restless; but, above all, we must not be cowards. Hinton died before his time because the fight was too much for him. He was no coward, but he had strained his nervous strength beyond its power of resistance, and he had not, even as a seer, the deeper knowledge which makes us work without haste as well as without rest. Sympathy from without, and deeper understanding of his vision from within, might have helped him. Serenity and more faith certainly would have saved him much of his mental suffering at the last. To be the slayer or the slain in these great matters implies a lack of equipoise. We must never force the vision, but if it comes, either to us or through us, we must accept it. Nor let us crush the heart and soul out of one who has not only seen, but proclaimed, a new truth. To come out of our rigidity and cease condemning is the first law of the spiritual life. Let us open our

eyes to all good, and be tender over all limitations but our own. Condemnation, or pulling down, is the dull thing. Our work is to build up.

Hinton's morals go beyond the dictum which says, "Live for self," and also beyond that which says, "Live for others." He would say, "Give a true, joyous, natural response to every claim, whether of self or others." This can only be done by wise steering between asceticism or restraint, and excess or self-indulgence. In order to live out this ideal of James Hinton's we should have to look upon ourselves, and others, as a means to an end, and, therefore, the means must be cared for and fulfilled because of the end. His great cry, then, is not "for myself and others," but, "myself in and for others." This idea touches vital questions of appetites and desires, and also of human service, and it is with his suggestions on these matters that the three following chapters will be concerned.

Every fighter for freedom and truth will echo Hinton's own words :

" I am," he says, " like a man climbing a mountain. Every limb strained to the utmost, every nerve tense ; and he or she who would be with me must accept life so, must climb the mountain or be content to keep upon the plain. They must accept the strain, the effort. They must face, closing their eyes even that they may not see, the precipices with sheer death at the bottom of them—the pathless rocks that mock all thought of progress. They must breathe that thin, keen air, and be content to walk on ice, where each footstep is a slip, and would be a fall, but that it enables us to take the next."

CHAPTER II

JAMES HINTON'S ETHICS

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JAMES HINTON'S ETHICS

Hinton's personal characteristics—A forerunner of Nietzsche and Carpenter—Affinities of genius with weakness—Nature and morality—Physical and spiritual worlds one—Hinton's "dangerous views"—Monogamy and polygamy—Asceticism and excess—Hinton's conception of true sexual freedom.

THOUGH James Hinton died in 1875, yet to-day one rarely meets with any one who has the least idea of his methods or of himself. Some only know of him as a celebrated aurist, others confuse him with his son and speak vaguely of him as one who had wrestled with the fourth dimension.[1]

[1] His son C. H. Hinton, who died in 1907, edited some of his father's writings under the title of *The Art of Thinking* (1879), and was known by his varied and interesting essays and romances bearing on the fourth dimension. His chief books are: *Scientific Romances* (1884-96); *A New Era of Thought* (1888); *Stella*: *Studies of the Unseen* (1895); *The Fourth Dimension* (1904); *An Episode of Flatland* (1907).

Some few, with nervous hesitation, inquire whether he was not an ardent advocate of polygamy and whether he committed suicide. Those whose interest has been stirred read the *Life and Letters of James Hinton*, by Ellice Hopkins, and come to the conclusion that Hinton was a disguised missionary with a leaning towards free love. A few consider him as one who dealt with obscure metaphysical problems of no general interest. These ideas are either exaggerations or misconceptions. According to Mrs. Hinton, the life edited by Miss Hopkins only contains what was credible.

If, his wife declared, all could be put down about this profound thinker it would not be believed. Miss Hopkins only knew James Hinton for two years before he died, and she had imbibed from his teachings only what belonged to her own conception of things. She edited his letters at a time when it was unadvisable from a worldly point of view to tell the truth either about

the man or his message. Compromise and expediency about a great man always leave little men in the dark about him. Hinton was a great and good man, though not a goody-goody man.

Hinton once said to his wife, "People will say when I am dead that I was such a good man. Will you always say that I was not? You know that I am not." "You are a darling!" emphatically declared Mrs. Hinton.

In a letter to Caroline Haddon, again, he says:

"I have seen so simply and clearly that I am one of the 'bad' people. Their nature is my nature. I am not unlike other men, only unlike those I have been falsely put amongst. I see, too, more plainly how I am unlike and apart from the good. Their luxury I always loathed, but now I see that I loathe their restraints too."

Such statements about himself as these may account for some of the ideas that are afloat about James Hinton. The world is

curiously willing to take us at our own estimate, and the man who rashly declares himself to be bad is readily believed, especially if he has an unfashionable and unconventional truth to deliver. Hinton had the courage to say, to do, and to face things which in his day scared and bewildered the truth-seekers more than they stimulated them.

He saw how we all try to bind giants with cobwebs, so he endeavoured to clear away some of the cobwebs in his own soul and face the giants. He once caught himself, in a fit of absent-mindedness, writing a prescription for an ointment to "rub round the world." It was characteristic of the man. James Hinton had intense vitality, immense emotional force, great love of scientific research, a reverent worship of and belief in Nature, an overwhelming incontinence of speech, and a child-like belief that his views would be accepted and co-ordinated by those to whom he turned for understanding. In

spite of each failure he believed the next kindred spirit would comprehend and balance what he really meant, but as a rule it happened that one more terrified truth-seeker flew to the herd to be reassured.

Hinton had a nature at once mystical and scientific. He was the modern forerunner of this apparently incongruous marriage of which we cannot as yet know the issue. Hinton was as emotional and receptive as a woman, while remaining intellectually creative and virile as a man. When a friend said to Hinton's mother that he had something of the woman in him, she replied, "You could not pay me a higher compliment. I desire nothing better for my sons than that they should have something of the woman in them. Jesus Christ had."

James Hinton is very much judged through his immature work or his very extravagant outbursts, so that it is desirable to dwell, in this chapter, on his real sanity and suggestiveness. A few women, out of

a hurt vanity or a misapprehension of his meaning, have called him bad names; but the insinuation merely indicates their want of humour, of intellect, or of self-respect. There are women still living, and notably two who are no longer with us—Hinton's wife and her sister Caroline Haddon—whose whole attitude to finiteness and infiniteness has borne the mark of his individuality and goodness.

When I last saw Caroline Haddon, a few years before her death, blind and eaten up with gout and its kindred pains, I felt that one need never worry about what happens, but only as to how we take what happens. Intellectually as keen as ever, full of interest in this world and the next, lying sightless and helpless, with a serenity which baffled all mere speculation, I suddenly realised as I talked to her that she was a better testimony to the worth of James Hinton than the ablest book that could be written about him. He was the great in-

fluence of her life, and she was a very brave and a very good woman. Those who love us, educate us, it has been well said, and only those who love us, know us. It is always well to draw near to the inner heart of those for whom the crowd has stupid names and a few people whole-hearted devotion. The so-called dangerous lunatics, free-lovers, the despised and rejected of men, have generally a true word for those who will listen and understand. Even if these people can be proved cracked, there is always, as Maudsley declared once, a possibility, in this way, of letting the light through the crevices.

James Hinton was curiously the forerunner of men like Nietzsche and Edward Carpenter. What they have co-ordinated Hinton suggested. His books are full of beautiful and inspiring things, but, busy man as he was, he never had time to develop his theories into a coherent whole.

Ellice Hopkins, in her book, has presented

us with a sketch rather than a finished portrait. Hinton was not only "a clean-minded man with brains," as some one once said of him, but he was a courageous solver of extremely difficult problems, which few of us have the sincerity or decency even yet to face. He had no wish to pose either as a saint or a sinner, though there is a suggestion of both in the man and his work. He was a human, direct, and impressionable genius. He was indeed more a man of genius than a man of talent, and his conception of what genius means is a help to the understanding of himself with his paradoxes, inconsistencies, and weaknesses.

"So far from genius," he says, "being greatness and imitating power, it is emphatically the reverse. The men of talent are the men of power: they are the strong. The affinities of genius are with weakness."

In the book of extracts from his manuscripts called *Philosophy and Religion*, he says, "Talent is doing; genius is suffering."

Man's work is done not by doing, but by suffering. It is by what we bear that the world is redeemed. Our doing is very unimportant in itself, it is of no value. Christ was a sufferer, not a doer.[1]

Hinton was a lovable, big-souled creature, who could rarely be got to a dinner-party or to have his hair cut or his photograph taken, and yet he dared to look Nature right in the face and contrast man's puny laws with her vast demands. He came to look at moral nature with eyes trained through looking at physical nature. "Nature

[1] "Looking at a portrait of Beethoven," wrote Hinton, "it was evident that it had in it the face of an animal; it was plainly the face of an animal combined with that of a man. And this reveals genius again. Genius is a cross between animal and man, both are in it; it is an animal combined with a man. . . . This indicates perfectness in being one with Nature; here is genius getting closer to her again. The gift of genius is simply that it cannot keep Nature—the sensuous element of Nature—out. . . . Of course the world shall have its genius-period. That will be the age of the integrated Greek. Man is genius, and his life is the genius-life; he accomplishes ends unforeseen and does by instinct what he could not do by trying."—*The Lawbreaker* pp. 150, 205.

is the bride of the soul," he says. "Not wedded yet, indeed, but to be wedded."

James Hinton is not a constructor of a system or systems. He is a suggester of right moral values. A man will approve or condemn Hinton as he himself is in harmony or antagonism with the things around him. A mere conventionalist or a rigid Puritan will have none of him. He is, to use Whitman's phrase, "too fluid and too chaste." It takes a good deal of human love and understanding to get a just estimate of the curious combination of arrogance and humility which are characteristic of this man. Morality to Hinton was not a mere matter of goodness but of true relation to facts, a relation which must, of the necessity of things, be fluent and cannot be rigid.

"If you make right a rigid thing," he says, "a rigid thing in man's life is precisely as a dead thing in a living body. It cannot partake in the life, and so is disease."

In *The Lawbreaker* he says briefly that laws, duties, virtues, and fixed rights and wrongs are apt to become obsolete and dead and so very harmful to the living organism. In *Philosophy and Religion* he says:

"The idea that that only which is bad needs to be reformed, superseded, or done away with, is perhaps the greatest hindrance to our progress. We must learn to see that everything, the good and necessary, just as much as any other, requires to be reformed and superseded by the opposite when it has had its day."

Hinton realised that there is not, there cannot be, an absolute morality binding on all and for ever. He points us again and again to Nature, where we find no fixed thing, always a giving place. Nature is always destroying and rebuilding, and Hinton believes morality must be akin to this same process. We must keep clean, clear, and courageous minds, in order to be true and wholesome, knowing that what has once been good and useful may later be a

hindrance. The insincerity and cowardice of holding to a good thing which has become bad for us is always a bar to the new and necessary vision. Hinton said once to his wife: "If my ideas are false, then the truth must be something better, and I am glad." He was always ready for the newer and better stage, even at the expense of his consistency.

In a short study it is impossible to give even a superficial idea of what a great thinker suggests to us, but it is imperative to take briefly a few points in Hinton's life and philosophy which, at any rate, may help to clear up some of the mistaken ideas most people have of the man and his teaching.

Nature to Hinton was no step-mother. From her breasts he believed we could safely take our life and so grow strong to understand how to live. In 1851, even before his marriage, he wrote, "I never yet laid my hand with a resolute heart upon any

portion of God's universe that I could reach that did not turn to gold beneath my grasp" ; and this is the attitude of Hinton to Nature.

His *Life in Nature* makes one feel that the true law of Nature should combine absolute rightness with perfect delight. We have only to be sincere with ourselves to realise that some of our laws certainly rob us of this combination of perfect delight and absolute rightness, and so they cheat us of our goodly heritage. Impulses should move in the direction of right, and right to Hinton in these matters was a splendid combination of the liberty and unselfconsciousness of the animal with the educated conscience and consciousness of the man or the over-man. Nature, to Hinton, is God carrying out His ideal, the passion of the Supreme Artist for expression, and he grows impatient with the conventional dauber who thinks he knows how to paint better than God.

"Nature," he says in his *Philosophy and Religion*, "has no secrets which she hides from him who

knows that she is holiness, no love that she withholds from him who loves the holy." "All our mental life," he says in the same book, "comes from observation of Nature."

Hinton realised that people are just as afraid of following Nature as they are afraid of looking straight into their own souls. He tells us there is nothing to be afraid of in Nature, nothing to be afraid of in our own hearts or in the hearts of others. The thing to fear is Cant, which hides the deep thing. It is surely better to be a natural devil than an artificial saint. Nature will cut the devilish traces away from us later if we are true to ourselves. Kipling's Satan might well refuse his good hell coal to burn us if we consciously recede from a big ideal for a worldly advantage or a love of being comfortable.

In his *Art of Thinking*, Hinton says:

"Instead of believing that we are in two worlds, as all religious men affirm, we shall think we are in a world apprehended by two faculties. The physical world will become to our regard no more a distinct

existence opposed to the spiritual, but that spiritual itself."

In *The Lawbreaker* he is very definite.

"If the Holy Ghost in Christ's mouth meant Nature, the unpardonable sin is clear. . . . 'It does not matter how you regard Me or what you say of Me,' says Christ. 'I shall not mind. You will be forgiven. But if you contradict and will not be guided by her, how can good come to you? There is never any forgiveness for that. Who can forgive you? Can you get to a mountain's top by walking down it?'"

What was it, Hinton asks, that showed Christ that the true law was not a law of things, and so must be from the heart? It was in Nature that he saw it. It was the feeling of her selfless freedom. He saw God made the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and so he did not condemn the sinner. "Man is not above nature," Hinton says, "but below her as yet." In *The Lawbreaker* he emphatically declares that

"man is to be one with Nature, which is simply to take her law. It is all ready. We have misappre-

hended what being one with Nature is. It does not need any change of our condition. It is a thing now for us to choose."

"I perceive," he says, "that one thing I propose to do is to match the Fatherhood of God with the Motherhood of Nature, and, as in a child's earliest years the mother's part is the most important, may it not be that as yet it is also for man, and that he would have done well to have thought relatively more about his mother? He has had too much to imagine his Father."

Hinton declares that the true channels of man's life are blocked up. We are suffering under the effects of that throughout. And one chief remedy is to open them, according to God and Nature. Then the effects of the stoppage will cease and the course is clear. Wrong within makes evil what is good, and then life is blocked. Hinton tells us clearly enough that the material read in its true significance is the spiritual, and we may go to our Mother Nature without fear.

"The simplicity of Nature's working is too profound for man's imagination to fathom, and is

revealed only to humble seeking and steadfast self-control," says Hinton.

He asks a pertinent enough question in one of his manuscripts :

"May not very many, or even most of what are called sins, be not really sins at all, but merely confused expressions of Nature's claims for a truer order ? "

James Hinton's attitude to pain is a very usual one to-day, but was not much understood when he wrote his little book called *The Mystery of Pain*. The whole idea—as indeed it is Carpenter's idea and Nietzsche's, too—is that many things that may seem to be very bad may truly be very good, and may be among the best things that can possibly be. It is the attitude of a man who believes that misery and sorrow should be borne, not by each one only for himself, but by each for another as serving others in some unseen way. When Dante's Beatrice went to her high heaven, Dante only then

began to be of service to the world. His personal loss was just so much gain to the world.

In *The Art of Thinking*, he says on this point:

"There are materials, then, evidently within us for an entire change of our thoughts respecting pain. The world in this respect, we might almost feel, seems to tremble in the balance. A touch might transform it wholly. One flash of light from the Unseen, one word spoken by God, might suffice to make the dark places bright, and wrap the sorrow-stricken heart of man in the wonder of an unutterable glory. If all pain might be seen in the light of martyrdom, if the least and lowest in man's puny life, or shall we say rather in God's great universe, might be interpreted by its best and highest, were not the work done? It is done, for the light has shone, the word is spoken."

The good that is being worked out in man is not within our view, according to Hinton. The regeneration of our nature involves the loss of much that seems very good to us, much that could satisfy us.

We have to bear suffering by faith, but with such a good hope that sooner or later we accept it as we accept the sufferings of love, joyfully and understandingly. The great secret is not to try even to get rid of suffering, but to hold to it while we get rid of that in it which makes it bad. In his *Life in Nature*, he says :

"All storing up of force is a nutrition, all liberation of it is the effecting of a function. For it is not in the material alone that this law has its place. It extends as widely and soars as high as life. It is the key above all to our own. All strife and failure, all subjection, baffling, wrong, these are nutrition ; they are instruments of life, the prophecies of its perfect ends. They store up the power, they make the organisation, and where these are, the function shall not fail. Life is in that which we call failure, which we feel as loss, which throws us back upon ourselves in anguish, which crushes us with despair. It is in aspirations baffled, hopes destroyed, efforts that win no goal. It is in the cross taken up. The silent flowers, the lilies of the field, teach us the lesson too. Nature takes up her cross, loses her life to gain it. The fertilised seed grows as it decays."

Hinton knew there was no failure anywhere; if it is anywhere, it is in not striving. The failure, as he says again and again, is phenomenon, not fact; simply that which we feel because we feel wrongly and know not that which is. While we go mourning, the heavens clap their hands and earth rejoices, Nature palpitates through every nerve with infinite joy. To know is to be glad. In *Man and his Dwelling-Place* he says:

"There is not a physical world and a spiritual world besides, but the spiritual world which alone is, is physical to man; the physical being the mode by which man in his defectiveness sees the spiritual. We feel a physical world could be, but that which is, is the spiritual world."

Hinton declares that to be death which makes man fear suffering more than sinning. In *Man and his Dwelling-Place*, he says again:

"It is not the things we have to bear that crush and ruin us: it is our necessity to get, our want of

something for ourselves, our constant craving. That is our perdition. Our hearts are taken captive utterly by love. The terrors that have haunted us, the evils we have shunned, were but dark shadows from the blackness in ourselves. We look abroad again, and the light of heaven flows unchequered over all. Our fears are gone. If there be no evil but that which love makes necessary, then there is no evil. If no pain but pain borne for man's life, then is pain utterly transformed. The one love, that is in and through all things, by which all things are, the love that is the only joy, smiles also through the tears of sorrow. Life stands confessed beneath the mask of death."

It is not possible to give even a brief sketch of Hinton's philosophy without touching upon those questions he was most interested in during the last five years of his life and on which he has left such perplexing and yet interesting material.

Hinton once rashly said of himself that he was a born polygamist. The stupid people who heard him say this ran off to chatter it over with the snakes, sheep, and parrots who are ever in our midst. If

Hinton was a born polygamist he believed in monogamy, but not a monogamy which is a disguised polygamy. I have it upon the sacred word of both the living and the dead that James Hinton was, in the only real sense of the word, a monogamist. Whether this is a consolation or a mere puzzle to his misinterpreters I have not as yet been able to determine. Many of us enjoy giving a dog a bad name, but we get considerably worried when the bad dog is proved to be only a good watch-dog after all, and a defender of our most valued possessions. Hinton got a bad name, chiefly because he was a very honest and a very good man misunderstood by the common-place and traditionalised people by whom he was surrounded. He was a man who loved his wife first, last, and best of all women. But he was an analyst, a scientist, a prober into very subtle needs, a lover of and a believer in women. He was a man whose incontinence of speech led him into

many difficulties of action, and whose chivalrous nature made him take the burdens of others on his shoulders when often he had had no part in the making of them.

Why his name is associated with "dangerous" problems in sex matters is because he declares that anything is better, in these things, than "those vile laws that make man a beast and crush woman to hell." Hinton never wished to get rid of monogamy. He knew, well enough, it would be time to talk about getting rid of monogamy when we have got it, not as a lip morality but as an actual fact. Most of us want monogamy, but a few of us do not want the sham thing any more. Many good people mistake this demand for a real monogamy in place of legalised licence as a plea for excess and laxity, the two deadliest and dullest things in all the world.

Love, as Hinton viewed it, that is, a love

of the body and the spirit, is the highest thing we know of yet. We are so absorbed in sifting moralities and crudities in this matter that the mysticism is ignored. We too often leave this trinity of body, soul, and spirit, which all true love is, to be hurt by the harlot and the commercialist, while we are intent on seeking God outside the very lines He has marked for us to dwell within while we are in the world. Hinton could have answered his enemies as a great preacher answered the indignant person who said to him, "What! do you mean to say I may live as I like?" The preacher answered, "Would to God I could live as I like, for then I would live holily." The world says, "You may live for yourself according to the prescribed methods, but there are certain things you may not do." Hinton says, "You may not live for yourself, but there are no things you may not do if love and the service of your fellows command them." "Liberty is your heritage," he

says to man. "Then be such that you can claim it."

Asceticism puts unnecessary restraints on natural passion beyond the needs of the person or the community. Excess swamps the mystic vision in all true passion and love. Hinton would free natural joy if it holds the law of service, and by service he means the love which cannot injure.

"Nature has linked together pleasure and service," he says. "The self dissociates them, and in trying to follow either alone it assures its own destruction in the end. No goodness that is not happy is good enough for God. Man offers Him his difficult virtues, his mortified body and stifled affections as an acceptable sacrifice; but God answers, 'Who hath required this at your hand?' It is the restraint in the heart and not the external law that matters."

What we want is love instead of lust, temperance instead of gluttony, and above all we want courage to carry out the ideal we really know. Hinton asserted emphatically that self-righteousness inevitably means making right consist in things and purity a

matter of the flesh. In *The Art of Thinking* he said:

"The spiritual and the sensuous parts are not engaged merely in strife, the best issue of which is the victory of the higher over the lower. They are joint factors in a common work to which each contributes an essential element. For the absence of a true regard makes the sensuous evil, when with the desire fixed on good it is not evil. And thus the wrong state of the soul expresses itself inevitably in a strife to put away the sensuous, and the very failure of its effort constitutes the means by which, in the larger life of the race, the false desires are made true."

People are always asking, he declares, what good thing they shall do. But it is as Christ seems to say, "Do not do at all; have a feeling."

The mystery of pleasure was to Hinton a thing to be faced and understood as much as the mystery of pain.

"The true religious teachers and deliverers," he says, "have been simply those to whom it was an axiom that God could not be truly served in that which hurt His creatures."

That was enough. To put our not-pleasure instead of another's good was mocking instead of serving God. What is wanted is to see that the cruel things which we identify with religion and purity and have always so identified and still feel sacred are the same as the cruel things which our forefathers identified with religion and felt towards in the same way, and which we see quite easily to have been evil and false.

Always with Hinton a cardinal sin was setting goodness against pleasure.

"The ascetics gratified their souls but crushed their bodies," he says. "Now we gratify our bodies but crush our souls. Life is to gratify both soul and body. That is, for there to be no reason for the soul to restrain the body, but to be able to let Nature's demand lead us wholly, and so each to be more perfectly gratified, for neither is wholly gratified without the other. It is but a baulking, pretended, half-accomplished thing. Did the ascetics truly gratify their souls? And how far do we truly attain our sense gratifications? Much as is sacrificed in each case, is the thing sought truly gained? What

man has not firmly to control his impulses or to reap fruits of chagrin and emptiness in licence."

Be slaves to pleasure, and you must put it away. Know how to use it, and it is absolutely free.

"This is the proclamation," says Hinton; "good has nothing to do with putting away pleasure. Come in, therefore, you pleasure-led people and claim goodness as your possession. If there is any reason in a man's putting away pleasure in order to be good, that means evil in him: let him repent. Let him repent and become a new creature."

No wonder Hinton was misunderstood. This doctrine of pleasure scared the anæmic spiritualist and the vicious sensualist alike, and the scream of the Puritan and the Pharisee has continued to this hour.

Not to pursue pleasure nor to put it away, not to deny passion but to deny self, is how Hinton approaches the difficult problems of marriage and prostitution. His great word on the mystery of pleasure is, "Do not get rid of pleasure, but hold that,

and get rid of that in it which makes it bad." This "thing" is evil, we say. Not so, but let it be different. If many bewildered and complex people could realise Hinton's assertion that there are two roads to doing right, one consisting in putting away wrongness, the other in diverting it, we should not have to put our saints in monasteries and nunneries, or our Oscar Wildes in prison; but saints and sinners would use their powers for service and joy, and not for selfishness only, or for self-indulgence only.

"The evil," says Hinton, "is not in indulging passion, but in not following good; not in putting away indulgence, but in having no reason to put it away."

It is the absence of the desire for good, and then indulging passion, which is the misery, just as gluttony is eating food for mere pleasure instead of with pleasure, in order to make the body strong for service. Hinton declares you cannot restrain passion

any more than you can hold up your feet with your arms without other support. You can only divert it and use it, not only for self but for others. In a letter to Miss Haddon, he says truly:

"Woman's relation to man has been mixed up with the problem of pleasure: she has been sacrificed for that. So long as man either pursues or refuses pleasure, he does, and must, muddle his relations with women, and cannot get them right; that is, true to service. We do not ask even what woman needs, but what suits us," he says. "Those who love and honour her most are even most intent upon treating her with that utter disregard and practical cruelty (for it is so), intenser, more exquisite, than can be conceived."

To Hinton the whole question was one of dynamics. It was a matter of so much force which could be turned from one channel into another at the will of the holder.

Hinton had much of the inner vision of the true lover:

"My heart burns," he says, "with indignation when I hear people talk of the folly and blindness

and exaggeration of love. In truth, all except those who are in love are ignorant. It is a telescope given us, just for once, by God, to reveal to us wonders and glories hidden indeed from the unaided eye, but none the less real and glorious for that."

In 1871 he wrote:

"Love in most minds is another word for greed. It does not know how to accept, it murders whom it would sustain, it degrades whom it would raise."

It was just this feudalistic tyranny in possessive and absorbing love and the gluttony implied in lust which made Hinton a warrior for a new ideal in these matters. He saw clearly that a false restraint implies a false indulgence, and that a rule of true service will make fine morals automatic. He believed that man, individually and collectively, having passed through licence to restraint, must pass beyond restraint, where there is a finer liberty than either licence or restraint, wherein a man or woman might possibly break a conventional letter of an obsolete law, but would and could thereby fulfil a

higher law of the body and the soul. "I know how to take care of myself," said a virtuous young man to this observant doctor. Hinton replied from the higher law of service he believed in, "Say rather, I know how to take care of the weakest woman who comes in my path."

When passion has become a "balance of desire," man's sufferings in these matters will diminish, because he will have realised that a passion for service is very different from a passion for mere pleasure.

"Whatever comes as service," says Hinton, "let there be no question whether you do it. The law is, have no law, and this is expressed and made intelligent merely by that physical condition, a constant change. Hold to nothing. Be ready for anything. Let right change as nature changes, but have absolute regard to claims."

As Miss Haddon says in *The Larger Life*, "He only who has refused all pleasure that service forbids can accept all that service enjoins."

Why Hinton's morality may seem so bewildering is that it contains two apparent contradictions, which, in fact, are harmonious. He wanted to abolish the idea that a thing is better not to be if there is pleasure in it, and yet he declares again and again that "there can be no true having except in giving up."

This philosophy aims a blow at distorted asceticism and distorted indulgence. His great cry is, "Love, and do what you like." Do not restrain your impulses, but be able to obey them. Do not abstain from sensuality, but do not make things sensual.

"If I am to be remembered at all," he said, "this is what I would rather be remembered by, that I was the man who said, 'Man is made that he can rise above the sexual passion and subordinate it to use. All helping without taking the burden, all serving that is not heroism, all giving that has not absolute losing in it, I cannot but have a revulsion from, a feeling as if I feared its success.'"

He knew well enough that it is impossible to destroy sensuality by letting it impulsively

run its own way, and trust that it may pick up an ideal of service on the road.

Duty and passion to-day are at war, and to strengthen one is to inflict a fatal blow on the other. Hinton made an attempt to reconcile them to the right ordering of lives. A social science that deals only with the external relations of men and women to each other was to him a mere quackery. From within were to flow the waters of healing. Hinton, at any rate, fulfilled his own ideal of service. He did not commit suicide, but he gave his life for the many, for he died as much from a broken heart as an injured brain. He was overworked, misrepresented, torn and tortured with his own speculations, which, in theory, seemed to him good, and yet in practice would bring, as he knew, martyrdom on the pioneers of his gospel. He was a pure and a good man; but in accepting his doctrines, Nietzsche's tonic philosophy of self-control, and Carpenter's quiet wisdom of unhastiness should be

taken as tonics and sedatives. To dare to be free, one must indeed be bound. To dare to take, one must be willing to give. To ignore law safely, one must have ceased to be lawless. Love is indeed the fulfilling of a great law which is outside all cruelty, commercialism, and selfish absorption. Its very nature demands absolute mutuality, perfect freedom, and a trinity of body, soul, and spirit. One must have learnt to love in this true sense to be without fear in all these great things. No false thing can long endure if the true thing continually confronts it. "Love and do what you like," as St. Augustine realised long before Hinton, is not a motto for the weak and sensual, but for the strong of head and the pure in heart, who, in this way, literally see their God.

CHAPTER III

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN

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THE MYSTERY OF PAIN

Pain biologically a guardian angel of the body—Also the guardian angel of the soul—Examples in life—"Forward ends" of pain.

From a biological point of view pain is the guardian angel of the body. But for pain animal life would soon be extinguished. Pain and life are as much intertwined in the animal economy as hunger and life. Hunger is an imperative need. Pain is an imperative warning, and so an education. Life and growth would cease in the first stage of evolution but for pain. The child cuts its finger; it is in pain, so it learns to avoid the dangerous plaything. The cat warms itself on the table by the lamp; it singes its fur, and, through pain, it avoids the lamp

for the future. The boy over-eats; he gets pain, and so learns avoidance of that which causes pain.

Unconscious lessons in hygiene, and hints of taking what is best and leaving what is worst in evironment, are quickly learnt by primitive man, and also by animals. The latter, it is true, cannot analyse, transmute, and change the character of pain and so make it, in one sense, cease to exist as irrational torture; but the animal and the savage unconsciously accept pain's warning and so prevent future mistakes and extinction. Pain, then, to the savage and the animal, is a physical guardian angel.

Pain comes to all of us at some time or another as certainly as death comes, and to some of us its meaning is as unseen as death's meaning. The usual attitude to both pleasure and pain is the attitude of the child towards punishment and reward. Most of us, even if we are learning to bear pain with courage, rather resent it than

welcome it. We certainly never seek it for a given end as we seek pleasure, Few of us believe with Nietzsche that it is the father of pleasure, or that it is the most educative and valuable of gifts.

When Hinton wrote his little book on *The Mystery of Pain*, people were even more in the dark about its inner significance than they are to-day. Hinton saw very clearly what he calls the "forward ends" of pain. To him pain, far from being an evil, is an essential element of the highest good, felt only as evil by us because of our want of knowledge and want of love. Even Oscar Wilde, in his *Soul of Man under Socialism*, which of course was written long before his true understanding of acute suffering, says:

"Pain is not the ultimate mode of perfection. It is merely provisional and a protest. It has reference to wrong, unjust, and unhealthy surroundings. When the wrong, the disease, and the injustice are removed, it will have no further place. Its sphere lessens every day."

Hinton believed that the true idea of the mystery of pain will be born out of the death of the false idea of pain. He realised very clearly that the pain we suffer is often suffering we make for ourselves, because we do not like the idea of giving. We all know, if we have suffered acutely, that when we go through any great crisis, bodily or spiritual, we are giving to others through the things we learn and the way we develop. We are being ground by God's wheel of necessity, not only for our own good, but for the good of others, so that ultimately we can see, even here on earth, that every pain we bear and conquer has had "forward ends."

Hinton looked upon pain as nutrition, and the service and human love which ought always to be a result of that as function. It is not pain itself, according to Hinton, which is evil, but pain seen by itself, as the discord in music seems a jar until it melts into a harmony. Here, once

more, we find that it is not the thing itself, but the way we approach and use it that is of vital importance.

Hinton, all through his philosophy, emphasises the fact that we must not confound eternal truth with the limitation of our perception with regard to truth. When we are in the midst of our sufferings we are necessarily swamped more or less in our limitations, and so lose sight, for the time, of the great meaning behind the experience. This meaning is that something is accomplished in our experience which is unseen by us, and so makes conscious or unconscious sacrifice a good.

By sacrifice Hinton means love willingly or unconsciously shown towards others. This unseen work that is done indirectly through us is something done directly for others. Science, our own experience, and certainly all true mysticism, teach us that "things are not what they seem." Hinton,

in his *Mystery of Pain*, makes this very clear. He says:

"It is evident that all the effects of the events with which we are concerned are not, and could not possibly be, perceived by us. We see and feel things, alike the great ones and the small ones, as we esteem them, only as they affect our senses: that is, only in small part and for a short time. They soon pass beyond our sight, and while they are within it they never show us all they are, often those which are the greatest seeming to us the least. How little we are able, often, to calculate the influence even upon our own future of events or actions of which we seem to have the most perfect knowledge at the time, and of the effects of these events on others, which must go on, so far as we can estimate, without any end; only the smallest fragment is within our view. It is one of the first lessons taught to men by experience, not to judge of events by what they seem alone, but to remember that there may be much more involved in them than appears. To judge of our life, therefore, merely by that which is seen of it, is to commit ourselves to certain error."

So that the thought Hinton emphasised, that in all our experience there is some unseen relation to spiritual things, to a

spiritual work in man, makes on us no new demand. It is but the carrying out to their legitimate, and surely to their natural result, principles which experience has established. We shall certainly be thinking and feeling falsely respecting our life if we cannot recognise some unseen bearing of it. For we do not, we know we cannot, see the whole.

And this principle is established not only by moral experience. It is the lesson which, almost more than any other, science teaches us also. In exploring the material world, we soon find that, in order to understand any part of it aright, we must recognise things which are unseen, and have regard to conditions which do not come within our direct perception. It is enough, as Hinton points out, to instance the pressure of the air, of which we have no consciousness; the motion of the earth, equally unperceivable by us; the hidden force lurking in unseen atoms; of chemical affinity or electricity;

the vibrations which traverse the universal ether; and, in fine, that invisible unity whereby (holding to the unseen) man has traced out in nature a perfect order amid all confusion.

Hinton concludes, in every summing-up in his books respecting the mysterious workings of pain, that it has ends far beyond the interests of the person who bears it, and for these secret ends we must look beyond ourselves. All must realise, on looking back over their lives, that their deepest miseries, their intolerable anguish, and their so-called "losses" had "forward ends," not only for themselves but for others. Most of us have paid, what seemed at the time, a terrible price for the increase in our humanity and the decrease in our personal vanity, or the uprooting of our jealousy and the intensity of our powers of loving. The people who tell us that pain should be got out of the world would also tell us that no harmony in music can

contain a discord. How many of us in this mortal life can trace the "forward ends" of our personal pain? It becomes easier once one believes, what Hinton truly believed, that the "forward ends" justify the painful means. Take any example of suffering. If you have had a lonely and misunderstood childhood, perhaps even real cruelty and physical disablement as a result of that cruelty, which may last you all your life, what has that done for you? Every little child you touch and make happy can answer the question for you.

What if, at the very height of your idealism and romance, you failed to marry the man or woman who seemed the only person in the world who could help you to obtain your ideal and fulfil yourself? What if, instead of living side by side with what you imagined to be your mate, you had to have three hundred and sixty-five breakfasts, dinners, and teas a year with one who chiefly made demands on you, and

rarely gave you the spiritual and emotional food you craved, but drew from you all you had to give? Are there no "forward ends" there? Perhaps only your children and grand-children can answer that question.

One recalls what John said in *The Choir Invisible*, in the one love-letter he ever penned to his Jessica, the woman whom he missed marrying, though she was his affinity, a woman who lifted every action of his life out of the commonplace. When he sends her his son, as a youth about his own age when he first met her, he writes:

"I may not boast with the Apostle that I have fought a good fight, but I can say that I have fought a hard one. The fight will always be hard for any man who undertakes to conquer life with the few and simple weapons I have used and who will accept victory only upon such terms as I have demanded. For, be my success small or great, it has been won without wilful wrong of a single human being and without inner compromise or other form of self-abasement. No man can look me in the eyes and say I ever wronged him for

my own profit; none may charge that I have smiled on him in order to use him, or *called* him my friend that I might make him do for me the work of a servant. Do not imagine I fail to realise that I have added my full share to the general evil of the world; in part unconsciously, in part against my conscious will. It is the knowledge of this influence of imperfection for ever flowing from myself to all others, that has taught me charity with all the wrongs that flow from others toward me. As I have clung to myself despite the evil, so I have clung to the world despite all the evil that is in the world. To lose faith in men, not in humanity; to see justice go down and not believe in the triumph of injustice; for every wrong that you weakly deal another or another deals you, to love more and more the fairness and beauty of what is right; and so to turn with ever-increasing love from the imperfection that is in us all to the perfection that is above us all—the Perfection that is God,—this is one of the ideals of actual duty that you once said were to be as candles in my hand. Many a time this candle has gone out; but as quickly as I could snatch any torch, with your sacred name on my lips, it has been relighted."

This was the kind of "forward end" Hinton had in his mind when he wrote

his *Mystery of Pain.* Every man, every woman, who has lost the personal and made the apparent loss serve such a "forward end" as this is at peace, not only about his own destiny, but about the general upshot of things.

Certainly there are worse things than mere loss by separation. Suppose a man or woman you loved betrayed you, as the world calls betrayal, mocked and scorned you secretly, misunderstood you, derided you even. Well? Have you not again and again given a tenderness and help to some tight-mouthed, embittered woman or man which she or he would never have gained by their mere personal absorption in another? It has probably only been a means of understanding another sufferer, for those who mock and betray are in some form of terror or pain. If, again, you have loved with both the mystic and the human in you, with all the body, soul, and spirit of you, and death, Nature's

mother, took that very soul of your soul out of your reach when you imagined that it was most vital to you here and now—what then? Only those who have had to face utter and complete loneliness of body, soul, and spirit by the bedside of what looks so terribly like the end can realise how difficult it is, just then, to believe that this pain of separation has greater "forward ends" than any other. Hinton knew, Dante knew, all true lovers who have lost and found again after the great change of death know, that pain is first nutrition and then function.

There is but one condition for peace. It is not an easy one, but it is a certain one. It is to be true to what we know and then remain receptive. Pain in this way merges, by the law of its nature, into happiness, a happiness which not only affects a single person, but a multitude. Some know that death is often the only way to the very truth and the life we

hungered for even in the midst of what seemed a perfect love here. It may have been the only way to the greater love which sweeps us beyond the merely personal into that region of service and love which Hinton believed in with all his heart and soul.

It is strange how we go on dreading pain when it leads us to the open road of understanding and love again and again! How many people do you know who have been truly helped in the big, broad, human sense except by those who have suffered? Even physical suffering, whether acute pain or illnesses lengthened out to months and years, teach us how to rest and to gain the inner vision which all physical rest should bring in the intervals of pain. It is only the resentment against suffering, the unwillingness to accept it as a lesson in some unseen service, which causes its real anguish. In the midst of suffering we cannot realise what a gift pain is, but some

of us have come to the time when we can say honestly, and from our very hearts, that we would gladly, not grudgingly and of necessity, but gladly suffer all over again, if another soul could see, as our soul sees, the "forward ends."

Hinton knew the great secret of the other, clearer side of things when he said, "Never be afraid of giving up your best, and God will give you His better." He did not, of course, mean this in the selfish spirit of thanksgiving for selfish ends, or in the expectation of more good to follow, but in the spirit of love which says, "I would bear this for my neighbour, even if I have to be damned for it." Hinton knew, as Christ knew, that giving up is the one condition of having a better thing. When we give up our jealousy, for instance, we get a true realisation of love. "He that loseth his life shall find it," was not the sorry jest of a carpenter's son, but the latest discovery of science and philosophy by those

who know more than they dare at present reveal.

"Giving," says Hinton, "is an absolute good: that innocent loss and pain, even the unconscious like the willing loss, is really giving, and, further, this good (of giving) is always ready to be the boon of every loser, however long delayed, as soon as ever he accepts his pain and is glad for its good's sake that he bore it. Pain is giving, and giving is good. In giving pain to man, then, God is giving him the best thing. Perhaps this is the only world in the universe where giving is pain."

As we get the newer vision we shall be less agitated as to what comes to us, and more anxious as to how we bear what comes. It is not what we get which matters, but what we are; not what we lose, but what we gain. It is how we receive pain, what experience we gain for ourselves and others through our individual suffering, that is the main thing. Hinton would have us always stop to consider, in the questions of pain and pleasure alike, not so much how pain and pleasure may affect us in-

dividually, but how they, through the absorption of them into character and actions, affect others. Having freely received, either from pleasure or pain, it is our part to transmute both into a blessedness with which each and any human being near us can enrich himself, and so hand on the same good to others. "I will scatter myself among men and women as I go," was not only the privilege of the big, human-hearted Walt Whitman, but of every man and woman who has suffered enough and loved enough to dare to give of what they have received. The bondage of both pleasure and pain, according to James Hinton, is the bondage we make out of our insistence on self-seeking.

"That hurts me," we say; "this satisfies me"; and out of that conception we get much less development or even happiness than from the cry, "Out of these depths my very so-called enemy can get the joy I have had to miss." When man can truly say of

pain, "Yes, this hurts me so that I can give the result on to you," and of pleasure, "This takes possession of me so that I can fling the joy on to you, whether you are my friend or my slanderer," then we are nearer the meaning of Hinton, much nearer, than when we approach both pleasure and pain either as things to be avoided or things to be sought in and for themselves alone.

Man has learnt much, but he has infinitely more to learn, even in this world, for he has not as yet been able to rid himself of sorrow as an evil thing. It is possible that in this world we may never get rid of sorrow and suffering, but we can all transform them and transmute them into an ardour for service which has an exquisiteness of its own as great as pleasure itself, perhaps greater. "The seeming of our life," says Hinton, "is not the truth of it." The great secret is not to seek either suffering or pleasure, but to accept them when they come as inspirations, or, in other words, as means to a definite

end. When once one has learnt this, in ever so small a degree, the whole of life is altered. It is as if we had pierced the veil. We have all to learn, though we do not see the end, to trust the end, and out of trust a curious insight comes, and a distinct knowledge. Once the conscious and sub-conscious selves meet in a harmony of understanding of spiritual "forward ends" then the fret and jar and doubt are for ever laid to rest.

"By giving," says Hinton, "to our pains a place of use and necessity, not central in ourselves but extending to others, and indeed affecting others chiefly as existing for and essential to God's great work in the world, by giving to our painful experience this place, the whole aspect of pain would be changed. A Christ, a mother, a martyr, and a lover have this vision, and the nearer we are to their point of view the less we worry about the sordidness of pain, because we are concerned with its mystery and beauty. The mental understanding of what suffering indicates alters the actual suffering."

Pain, if it could be recognised as development, and in a sense as joy, would be as

much welcomed as pleasure is now. We have distorted our conceptions of both pleasure and pain. We are afraid of both, instead of recognising them as two parts of the development of the soul. They are the male and female of the spiritual life; neither are good alone but as a completion the one of the other. As Hinton so well puts it:

"The reason we are made, or seem to be as if we were made, for pain, is that we are made for love. I don't mean grudging, unhappy sacrifice, but love, which, having freely received, freely gives and suffers gladly, if need be, so that pain is swallowed up in love and turns thereby into joy."

We may well pray to be delivered from pain as it is usually understood. When we are delivered from pain as we now understand it, that is the bondage of pain, into the understanding of pain as freedom and education, then, and then only, can we rightly understand pleasure. What makes pain to us what it appears to be is that man is constantly aiming at ends which do

not involve any giving up. When these ends are denied him he suffers, and he will always suffer, in a way unnecessarily, till he accepts once and for ever the great truth that a man only finds when he gives up, that is, when he has ceased to clutch or even demand or expect for himself, but takes pleasure and pain as they come and gives of the good he has received, as chance offers. It is the very pith of all the deepest and yet simplest philosophies of the world. It is, probably, the one key we have to the other side of things where giving may possibly be as certain a law as the law of gravitation is here.

In these days people are saying very contradictory things about pain. One school says it is a very good thing and should be sought, and another says it is a very bad thing and should be shunned. Those who say it is a good thing are right, and those who say it is a bad thing are right; but they each hold only half of

the truth. If the people who say pain is a good thing mean that it is good as a means to an end, then so far they are right; but if they say it is good for and in itself, and as an end in itself, then they are wrong. If those who say pain is bad mean that all senseless suffering is bad, they are right so far, but they must say a little more. The great rule here, as in many other matters, is not to seek, but to accept what comes in a new spirit.

Pain once seen as a means to an end, a discipline, an education, then the old vindictive idea of it as an atonement or a senseless punishment goes the way of all childish and cruel things, in the face of a bigger vision. When the unseen ends for which pain has moulded us are understood, then we are out of the bondage of a very present death. Hinton realised, as very few have realised, that the "true affinities of sacrifice are with pleasure, with rapture even." Everyone who has willingly given up the lesser

for the greater, the personal for the universal, an appetite for a passion of service, knows this to be true.

This newer conception of pain as a good or necessary thing must, of course, not induce us to seek pain for itself, or in any way to undervalue joy. This is exactly where many good, true, devout, and limited people make a great mistake. Men have always recognised a goodness in things that are painful, even without analysing or understanding their feelings about it. They have recognised the goodness in things apparently evil, and certainly painful, but they have mistaken where the goodness comes in. They have confounded the goodness which belongs to sacrifice or love with the goodness which is in pain itself, as a mere cleanser or restorer. They have mistaken the means for the end, hence asceticism. This seeking pain as a good in itself, and not as a means to good, and cultivating self-denial as an end, and not as a way to

an end, is just where religious and well-meaning people put stumbling-blocks in the way of weaker brethren.

The mystery of pain is a prelude to the mystery of pleasure. It is the apparent discord melting into the true harmony. The spiritual law is that the mystery of pain merges by degrees into the mystery of pleasure. Pain is the very root of pleasure. "Only that painful thing is good which has in it the root of pleasure," says Hinton, in his *Mystery of Pain*, and he is right, for this it is alone which serves others' good. Therefore no arbitrary, self-chosen sacrifice is good. There is no source of joy in it. It fails of its very first condition, spontaneous love. The merest feeling of vanity or hope of salvation for self alters the whole character of giving up for others. Only that sacrifice is good, according to Hinton, which we accept for another's sake, or that which serves as an end unseen by us. For, seen or unseen service and joyous sacrifice is

good, but only when it is for service; and by service Hinton always implies love.

According to Hinton, we must look upon our pain as our contribution to the redemption of the world. In this way, he says, we link our weakness with omnipotence, our blindness with omniscience. Hinton's conclusion to *The Mystery of Pain* leads us to realise that he believed that it is as good to be sacrificed, to be poor and wretched, halt, maimed, and bruised, heart-broken, spiritless, incapable, and apparently lost, as to be happy and prosperous; if not for our sakes, it is for some one else's good that this is so. Torquemada may have contributed as much to your development and mine as Joan of Arc has.

Vindictive condemnation, without understanding of what we condemn, may possibly bring a retribution for the condemner he least expects. Hardness of heart, self-sufficiency, mere intellectual vainglory, and cut and dried morality need all the suffering

the great Spirit can send to enable a man and woman to come out into the region of forgiveness and loving-kindness.

We are all, whether we know it or not, helped by invisible helpers, and the greater the need the stronger the help. If pain teaches us what we refuse to learn without it; if it helps us to strengthen others and control ourselves as we could not have done if we had not learnt our own lesson with tears and misgivings; if it tends in a small degree towards the redemption of the world, as it is meant to be redeemed,—let us cease croaking and groaning over our sufferings, and cry with Browning, as he passed into the clearer paths he was assured of:

"Now, at noonday, in the bustle of man's work time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' Cry, 'Speed, fight on,
for ever there as here.'"

George Fox's description of his spiritual awakening might be repeated by some of

us when we first realise the inner meaning of the mystery of pain:

"Now was I come up in spirit through the flaming sword into the paradise of God. All things were new, and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter."

Hinton—hit and hurt as he was by those who ought to have been wise enough to understand his message, misunderstood as he was by the crowd, scarcely realising the might of his own vision—guessed, at any rate, that the joy of heaven is the joy of giving up, of saving others out of our own lessons in sin and pain. The nearer we approach to this spirit, not grudgingly or of a necessity for personal salvation, but in the lover's mood of lavish exaltation of longing to rob himself in order to bless what he loves, just in proportion as we approach this newer view of love shall we realise what the mystery of pain really means.

When we know that perfect joy is perfect

giving, then we are near the kingdom of divine things; and divine things are not dull things, but have in them the fulness we dimly realise when we love, when we hear music, when, in fact, we are as little children, and so in the mood to catch the undertone in natural, mystical things.

Love in service—that is, a giving up readily for another's need, no matter how degraded or wretched we may assume that person to be who needs our help—love in service is to the soul what healthy exercise is to the body, according to Hinton. When we are in feeble spiritual health we begrudge the giving, and so concentrate our power on ourselves alone, as in disease our thoughts are on our physical inconveniences, and our very muscles refuse their work as our physical vigour is impaired.

Let us realise then, quite simply and bravely, that as man rises, he often suffers more, not less. He ought to complain less, it is true, as he understands more, for the

meaning of his pain becomes evident to him. "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears," says Mabel Collins in *The Light on the Path.* As Mr. Binns points out in his *Life of Walt Whitman*:

> "The wise soul uses the excellence of things, and so things hurt it not at all. Live your life, then, in faith not in fear, such is the word of the Mystic."

To sum up, pain is the guardian angel of the spiritual man as well as of the beast and the primitive man. From a biological, mental, and spiritual standpoint pain is the thing as yet we can least dispense with, and, when joined to its twin, love, can wash us cleaner and heal us more certainly than anything else in the world. Those who suffer learn; those who love know. Those who have learnt through the knowledge suffering and love can alone bring dare to be fools as the world counts foolishness, dare to be despised and rejected of men and acquainted with grief because their vision makes them

free. They take, in all its literalness, one of the sayings of Jesus only lately discovered:

"Let not him who seeks cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished. Astonished he shall reach the Kingdom, and, having reached the Kingdom, he shall rest."

CHAPTER IV

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False conception of pleasure—Hinton's view of it as lover of nature and mystic—The ascetic and sensualist foes to right understanding of pleasure—Pleasure a right in itself—Restraint alone not enough—Sexual love as a sacrament—Nature makes goodness and pleasure one in the marriage relation—Relationship between man and woman a mystical one.

To the average Anglo-Saxon mind, pleasure does not suggest a magnet for drawing souls to heaven. Pain, some of us argue, is justified in the scheme of things through its very evident results in nations and persons; but pleasure, the sheer joy of a thing for itself, smacks of immorality or impulsive and youthful licence.

Pleasure, to many people, often implies a worse pain than pain itself, because of the

false conception we have of an imperative need in our nature, a craving as urgent as hunger or thirst, the need for legitimate and delicious joy. It will take some of us a long time to get rid of the monastic system, as Hinton so well describes our unnatural restraints to be. In nothing do we need a way of escape more than in our slavery to traditions about this matter of pleasure.

If we wish to be artists in life, Hinton maintained, we must follow what he considered to be the painter's methods in development, and work from sheer impulse, through restraint and detail, to a deeper and simpler expression. In this question of pleasure we have not even begun to understand the impulse behind pleasure, though we are grappling with elaborate detailed restraint in the matter, in a ferocious moral anxiety lest we should be damned before we have co-ordinated our system of personal torture in order to effect personal salvation. The larger freedom, which implies neither

restraint nor asceticism, is not as yet within the range of vision of the majority of people. Before analysing Hinton's wise and unwise views of this mystery of pleasure, it may be well to imagine that our preconceived conceptions of pleasure do not exist.

Let us look at the matter from a natural standard and a mystic standard, not from the standard of the sensualist and the ascetic. This is very difficult, as no question is so bound up with terrifying inanities and ugly misconceptions as this one of pleasure. From a biological point of view, pleasure is a guardian angel of the body as much as pain is. One impels the animal to choose the pleasing thing in function which will intensify the vitality of the race, as the other defends the animal from the thing which will injure or extinguish physical life. If we start with the assertion that the condition for taking pleasure is freedom from self and at the same time is a true expression of self, we shall, in following out this apparently

contradictory statement, realise that what Hinton believed is true, that whatever is most pleasure will be found to be the true order in the end. Whatever gives the most freedom to real love, whatever gives the most passionateness of joy to passion, will be the nearest to service and not the furthest away from it.

Because we make war on pleasures that are against service we ought not therefore to make war on pleasures that are for service, or we shall divert the great force of true pleasure to false issues and so divide power against itself.

Hinton saw the force of this as perhaps no modern moralist has. When people speak of pleasure, they are more often than not confounding pleasure with impurity, laxity, or excess. It is as if we declared that the cough of a consumptive is the man himself. We have to face the mystery of pleasure, not as we imagined it, but as it ought to be. The change of attitude

which is bound to come in this matter is a spiritual one more than a physical change. The kind of purity and restraint the average person advocates is the kind of purity disease or mutilation might bring, not the joy and throb of a healthy organism responding to and attracting all things that make for life and not death, for sanity and not excess.

Hinton gives a very good instance in his private manuscripts of the pitiful inversion the natural joy in natural things can undergo.

A man came to him once in great distress because he thought he had hurt the purity of mind of his wife by persuading her to have a bath with her baby in his presence. They had all enjoyed it like children, till the false idea came to the man, the idea of impurity. He could not see, even when Hinton pointed it out to him, that the only demoralising thing in the situation was his feeling of demoralisation. It was as if a

flower felt it a sin to shake in the wind or open to the sun. A father and mother and child being joyously and intimately one, a sin! It makes one wonder what sort of training in purity ought to follow these stuffy misconceptions of the degradation of the sweet, clean senses! The pathetic thing was that the man seemed to despise his wife for what he had asked her to do. This so often happens under our false conceptions of purity and pleasure, where mock modesty and insincerity on a woman's part and conscious scheming on the man's part take the place of natural impulses and mystic forces. Our righteousness, in these matters, must not be as filthy rags. As the author of *The Modern Mystic's Way* says truly, "Love and worship body and soul with soul and body and you may do what you like and love body as passionately as soul." In other words, we are to make ourselves such within, that goodness shall not lead to evil results.

Hinton realised, quite as much as Nietzsche did, that it is not only our badness that is bad, but our goodness in these matters. Hinton emphatically declares that the wisdom which scorns sense is folly, and the purity which puts sense aside and wants to dwell above it is not purity, but impurity. The great secret is surely not to want to live above any one beautiful function or feeling we have, but in unity with it and with the larger self, which is, or should be, at one with the smaller self. It is not less life and joy and pleasure we want, but more; and we must try to dissolve our discords into harmonies with respect to these matters. It is not an increase in the pitiable army of the underfed, anæmic, miscalled spiritual men and women we need, but an increase in the well-nourished, clean, robust, mystic, and joyous lovers of the world who are no more afraid of their healthy bodily functions than of the pain and loss and development which

precede and follow all the great growths of the heart and soul.

Many people think that there is no choice between badness in pleasure and goodness in restraint. Everything depends on the point of view.

"Suppose," says Hinton, "because they are so delicious to eat, that pineapples were forbidden to be seen except in pictures, and even in them there was a sort of doubtful feeling. Suppose no one might have a sight of pineapples unless he were rich enough to buy one for his own particular eating. The sight and the eating being so joined together, should we not have made life in respect to pineapples, and our gluttony about them, as impure and wretched as it is now about women and pleasure? Suppose some one awoke to the fallacy about pineapples. What then? Should we go on submitting to the idiotic feeling? No. We should not get rid of pineapples, but we should change our feeling about them."

Hinton says that, just in the same way, when women have faced some things they must be brave enough to realise what it is that wants taking away; not the reality,

but the pretence. Women, he says, must get rid of the feeling which makes them say, "Let any hypocrisy and mischief be, but no shock or effort must come to me." Men also must get cleaner hearts and renewed spirits before either men or women can dream truly or act truly about those passionate mystic pleasures which are able to cleanse and strengthen and ought never to degrade or weaken our souls. As Hinton truly declares, nothing can give us a true heaven again but this giving of a true earth to us again, and this giving of earth to us, in the sense he means, is not the restraint of impure pleasures and passions, or an excess of sensuality, but a new vision of the purity of pure passions and pure pleasures.

Hinton recognises what so many moralists fail to see, that no pleasure can possibly degrade a man not already degraded by acting for himself. This acting for self is what Hinton condemns all through his

philosophy. He believes that it is at the root of all our distorted virtues and false sins. In a right, he says, there cannot be a wrong. The wrong is in us, in our attitude. All pleasure taken merely for self degrades. It is the taking for self that degrades it, not the thing taken.

Absolute absorption in anything is inharmonious and so wrong. It is a mistake to think that goodness consists in putting away pleasure. Pleasure is not only not wrong in itself, but a right in itself; yet a man centring his life wholly round pleasure is wrong, as even work is wrong if it absorbs all the faculties and thoughts of a man. The casting out of self, to Hinton, means, not a sinking of individuality and the cultivation of mock heroism, but a defining of real individuality and a realisation of others' needs so that impulses move in the direction of service, not only for others but for self.

This is a very important point in Hinton's

ethics. Hinton would say, Love your neighbour as yourself, because you realise through your own needs and development what are your neighbour's needs. Neither a thwarted, crushed self nor a thwarted, crushed neighbour is a fulfilling of the law of service, as Hinton understood service or love. In these matters we are not to cast out self in a mock heroism or forced sacrifice, any more than in service or love we are to cast out sense. We are to fulfil the demands of a real self and a sane service in order to get rid of a false self and an artificial service.

It is the having self alone, apart from service, which is the stupid thing, because then the self is false, even to itself. It is always to be the self for and in with others from the first. Not pleasure first, but service and good first, and then all the pleasure it is possible to have. Self-virtue is bound to bring self-pleasure in its train. This is what people cannot and will not

see. The only good is to desire good; and good thoughts, as Hinton again and again puts it, are thoughts for service.

The putting away pleasure, he saw clearly, is a necessary result of pursuing pleasure. Do not pursue pleasure, says Hinton. Do not put it away either. Keep the law of love or service in your heart, and the servants of true pleasure, joy and purity, will come along unbidden. Pleasure is only a tyrant when it is pursued. Be its slave, and it debases you. Be free of it and yet welcome it when it comes, and you know the true joy of living. To insist, says this seer, on refusing good because it is pleasure binds most cruelly, most fatally, most deeply, and with hardest pangs to be loosed, this yoke of pleasure on the soul. It is the utmost depth of bondage to it. But get rid of the search for pleasure, and in fact the search for anything, and then take all joy as it comes along. When we have once realised that goodness and pleasure are not foes but

allies, we are on the way to understanding, not only Hinton's meaning, but earth's meaning.

"Man," says Hinton, "cannot hear the voice of good when it calls in the tone of pleasure. His ears are deafened to that sound, and though service play to him upon an instrument of joy, with ever such charms, his dull feet will not move."

There are two ways, according to Hinton, in which pleasure may be treated. Let all pleasures be counted evil unless something makes them good, or let all be counted good unless something makes them evil. Pleasure is good if made good, bad if made bad; but pleasure in itself is not an evil, but a good thing.

There are two deliverances in this matter of pleasure—deliverance from the rule of self and deliverance from fear. We must individually face this question of pleasure by marching up to it, looking it in the face in order to know the difference between realities and conventions, and then simply set about

our work with courage and simplicity. Insight soon comes to us if we are true and fearless. However traditionalised we are, sooner or later we must face this question of pleasure. Is not heaven itself supposed to be pleasure? If we are to enter there, even according to dogmatic belief, we must surely learn here not to be afraid of pleasure, or we may, when we reach the other side, find ourselves like cripples in a dancing-hall, a little out of place. Was not that a wise man, demands Hinton, who asked, "Why should the devil have all the best tunes?" and he gave to God's service all the best music he could find.

Pleasure is good, but only utterly good when it is merged in love or service; and we must always bear in mind that service cannot rule over pleasure if we make it second to anything. Make love, real love, rule and follow any pleasure you like, because then you cannot make human beings a mere means to your private pleasure or end, but

must first allow them to be ends in themselves, as Kant so simply sums up these intricate ethics for us. Service must rule first. If not, we have thrown away our safeguard, as Hinton says, and given our foes dominion over us. We must be slaves to no one, and to nothing, and servants of nothing but service ; and by service Hinton always means love in its best and sanest sense, as Christ and Buddha interpret love.

Nothing else can give the passion, the courage, the vitality we need for daily inspiration and usefulness. Service or love is the only power pleasure will obey. That is, nothing else can make the giving up of pleasure itself a pleasure. Pain and pleasure alike are but incidents ; they are both not causes, but effects. Pleasure is not a thing, not any action or process even. It is the gratifying of a tendency or impulse. Any tendency made strong enough to be a passion gives pleasure. That is the natural law. The passion or tendency arises from a need,

the good of that need arises from the fact that the need itself is, or should be, for service. So pleasure is an incident, not an end. The tendencies express the needs, and the fulfilling of the needs is pleasure. As Hinton says:

"We cannot even eat our dinners rightly, cannot have our relations right to mere dead flesh of beast and bird and roots of the earth, till our thoughts are off pleasure as a first cause."

Hinton knew a great secret. It is not enough to restrain passion. The passion itself must be right. It is a mistake to imagine that in any world restraint of passion would suffice for virtue. The people who would spiritualise passion must first humanise it. The best-meaning people often make a mistake in this matter, and it is from this wrong conception that they inculcate into young healthy creatures a code of morality that both their natural and mystic intuitions repudiate. The child is often nearer the seer than the rigid moralist

in these matters. Not restraint, then, but the condition in which restraint is no more called for, is the only true good.

"Let pleasure," says Hinton, "be no more a power to ruin and destroy. Learn to be able to use it and not to be crushed by it; to be able to stand up erect as men even in face of it, and so be able to pursue service in the midst of pleasure."

"What right have we?" asks Hinton, "to assume that a pleasure is not a duty?" It is sad to realise how much needless suffering and needless sense of sin come about through a wrong conception of pleasure. Nowhere is this seen more pitiably than in the relations of the sexes; and this is what Hinton realised towards the end of his life more than almost anything else.

Sexual love, to Hinton, was a sacrament, which it was a sin to withhold and a sin to profane. Sexual love implies, to many minds, a mere physical relationship, and so confusion naturally arises between the ideas of a man like Hinton and the interpretation

of these same ideas by one who has the average conception of love and morality. The over-emphatic and therefore untrue emphasis of the physical, insisted upon by sexual gluttons, was to Hinton a shocking and stupid way of approaching what was, to him, the most beautiful and mystical thing with which we have to reckon—the absolute need of a man for a woman for his complement of body and soul; and the woman's equally imperative need, her need of man's need of her, as Heine puts it. To treat this great spiritual fact only from the bodily side was, Hinton declared, as if, in listening to Sarasate playing the violin, we were always thinking about the cat's bowels and horses' tails used to produce the instrument. Modern science has to be thanked for knowledge of actual physical facts in these matters of sex, for all facts are important enough in this question, around which are more traditions and muddle-headedness than in

anything else. Science, however, has also unfortunately helped a little in the attitude many still retain, the attitude of too much emphasis on the mere bodily function instead of on its mystical inwardness.

Hinton's attitude, when facing this difficult problem, is the attitude of one seeing and believing in the mysticism, the purity, the beauty, and the force for good in sex, as Nature and the great Spirit in and beyond Nature mean sex to be. Neither Nature nor Nature's God means it to be the dull, stuffy, gluttonous, absorbing, jealous, and ugly thing it is to many people. "The embracing of a woman is the most spiritual of all things," said Hinton; and he literally meant what he said. To the man who has never had that utter mystic bewilderment and abandonment, to be found only by the very law of its nature in clean livers and true lovers, the statement made by Hinton only represents an orgy of intemperate gluttony and mere bodily sensation.

Love's laws are tragically made to work out their cause and effect. In this, as in other regions, one cannot gather figs from thistles, nor serenity, peace, and beauty from debauch. Sowing and reaping in this love question are one. The means to a great spiritual fulfilment through a physical function has passed beyond the primitive needs of an ape or a tiger, and we are on the threshold of the greatest revolution the world has ever seen—the revolution of love. Love was once as far away from its own kingdom of beauty as a stage-coach from wireless telegraphy. Wonders are ahead of us in these matters, and, though we may eagerly absorb the newer ideal, we must apply Edward Carpenter's words in earnest, "Do not hurry; have faith."

The fact that pleasure is, or should be, an essential part of love, confuses the traditionalised mind, which cannot rid itself of the association of ascetic ideals or licentious excess in this matter of love and joy. Love,

real love, can dispense with both restraint and excess, because in a true love and a full freedom temperance and joy are necessary parts. The true lover is neither covetous of what he loves nor afraid of his own feelings. It was a plea for this joy and temperance in love that Hinton always put forward. He saw plainly that "lust is that distortion of one or some desires that comes by absence of desires that ought to be present." He wanted people to realise that joy is not of necessity a greedy absorption, and that pleasure, rightly understood, here and now, is one of the means towards understanding eternal truths.

It is no use waiting for the mere accident of death to become pure. We may be very certain that the other side of the opaque veil will not remodel us at a bound. It is we who have to remodel ourselves here, and as soon as we realise what remodelling means we must have the courage to begin. What we have failed to learn here we shall

certainly have to learn there. It will not do to skip pages in one life, thinking we can understand the following chapter in the next. They hang together. We shall continue struggling, whether it is this side or the other, till we have attained. The lesson we moderns have to learn about love is to get rid of both the leering thought of mere pleasure in and for itself and also to get rid of an angry, incensed repulsion about the physical side of love, both attitudes proving the same thing—that our thought is on mere pleasure for its own sake, and not on pleasure as it is wedded to service.

Brutal bestiality is often the offspring of mock goodness, and all the meanness and absorption of possession in persons, in or out of legal bonds, must go, as feudalism has gone. It is out of hell into paradise we are to get in this matter, and only true lovers can lead the way. Nature has made good and pleasure one in the marriage relation, but it is only a type of all her being; it is

but the chief and culminating instance, and so evidently the one in which her chief work is done. Nature asks the question, which shall goodness mean to you? Refusing pleasure and so thinking of yourself, or fulfilling absolutely the condition of it so that you need think of others only? Fulfilling the conditions is an inside thing, a thing of the heart. The using any law, a law of Nature, against service is the abusing of it. The question of gluttony and food illustrates this matter. Pleasure in eating food aids digestion, is natural and right, and should be almost unconscious. The conscious element in eating should be as to what is nourishing in order to make the human being strong and fit for work and service for self and others.

As Hinton points out, there is no eating perfectly for service except by letting pleasure guide the eating. In this, as in sexual love, instead of pleasure being a thing to get rid of, it should be a guide. We confound mere

pleasant sensations with pleasure. Pleasure is the play of passion, and varies constantly. Let the passion be for service and what harm can the pleasure do? That is the nature harmony in the matter of eating. The moment the mind is on the mere sensation of tickling the palate, and good wholesome food is felt to be insipid, and only spicy, stimulating and costly food is craved, the appetite has gone from service lines to gluttony lines, and the real evil in this matter has crept in. Hunger is good, pleasure in satisfying hunger is good; gluttony is dull and inharmonious.

Now, what the whole world more or less recognises about eating, Hinton vividly realised about the sexual appetite. Sex, Hinton declares, is the gluttony region of our life, and so creates artificial needs and artificial rules. What to him was horrid and filthy was letting the thought of mere selfishness come in at all in this matter. He saw how we degrade this sex hunger

by lust and selfishness. To Hinton, as to all real lovers, this mystical love is a thing nobler than poetry, lovelier than flowers, even more ravishing than music. The purest woman I have ever known said once to me, "Ah! surely! love is like music, it vibrates, satisfies, and uplifts just as Beethoven does." Hinton, the pure man, said:

"The person who thinks embracing a woman more low and sensual than music has made it brutal. Nothing can degrade save what is in the soul."

Hinton, the mystic, knew that the dew of heaven is not a purer thing in its essence than this love that, once twisted round self, becomes a pollution. The corruption, if any there be, is in us and not in it. All other things, as he says, will bear being twisted round self with less pollution than will this, which is, in its essence, the purest of them all. To Hinton, sexual love meant woman's good, her life, and to him this is

just what made it pure. He realised that it was a means to her health of body, sanity of mind, the intensest devotion and sacrifice, the very fullest development of her life, with all the pleasure to her of giving, both to her lover and again to her child. The means towards that which should call forth the highest elements alike in her and in man, this, Hinton could not, as doctor and mystic, find degrading. He could only see the wonder and glory of it, and his heart was torn as he realised more and more what a mockery of the reality our little trite, traditionalised domestic relationships often are at their very best.

"Is it more shame or wonder," he asks, "that of all the thoughts man has had respecting his passion for woman and joy in her, he has never had the thought of its good for her?"

Instead of looking on this sexual love as a mere means to his pleasure and enjoyment, he ought to look at it as the means of her utmost good, her

fulfilment. Hinton saw that the taint of man's ordinary attitude to women and to pleasure pollutes our very piety, for conscious hypocrisy and sexual selfishness may be greater sins against the Holy Spirit than many others put to that account. When a man is only thinking of his own sexual sensations while he imagines that he is loving a woman, it is, as Hinton points out, as if a person were called to another in his utmost need in sickness and could think of nothing but the pleasure of the journey there.

According to Hinton, women must be literally worshipped in spirit before the bodily enjoyment can be true to service. Their body is the precious instrument for producing the best results for the race. Our sweet, natural wants are Nature's harmonies, but our excessive, stimulated needs are our own, and are often discords. Hunger is a natural need; gluttony an unnatural excess of the need. Drinking is another

real need; drunkenness the debauch of that need. Physical love is a righteous need; lust its dull slave. Unnatural restraint follows unnatural desire. What remedy is there for restraint, according to Hinton? Only one. That a man should not need restraint, because his senses are clean and sweet, and so will easily follow his needs, and not his excesses. The necessity of putting away pleasure, then, is merely the result of pursuing it.

"When the question of his bodily pleasure," says Hinton, "has been made to determine everything, how should man's thoughts go to anything but the question of his bodily pleasure?"

Hinton always proves in these matters how the letter killeth. Self-righteousness and putting purity as a thing of the flesh he knew to be nearly always one.

A man who declared again and again, as Hinton did, that sexual pleasure, rightly understood, is the most spiritual thing, sublimer, purer, more noble and ennobling

than any prayer that ever was or ever will be uttered, should be listened to in this matter. Perhaps his statement was an exaggeration, but the exaggeration is better on the cleaner side than the fouler one. The struggle between woman's needs and the self in man would soon be at an end if man could once realise that if his pleasure is his first thought he is far away, not only from the kingdom of heaven, but from the realisation of woman. Her need is truly man's need of her, but no woman gives herself unreservedly except to one who loves her beyond herself and himself. She cannot, because of the nature of the relationship. This is the true lover's secret, and also the solution of this vexed question of the mystery of pleasure in sexual relationships.

Sex, in the sense Hinton realised it, is not a question of the senses only, but a matter of affinity which neither this world nor thousands of worlds can impair or

destroy, if lovers are true to their vision and to the inner laws of mystical marriage.

It is, as Hinton implies again and again, no use fighting a spiritual power as if it were a mere thing of the flesh. We might as well try to bind the wind with chains. Not to have love was the only damnation to Hinton. Attain purity of heart, was his cry, then you will see, not only woman as God sees her, but woman as God meant her to be. When purity is attained it is a stable condition, not capable of being affected by external conditions. "Be such a one that you will be able to obey your impulses," he repeats again and again.

Many of us follow St. Paul in these matters, and St. Paul had indeed a thorn in his flesh and in his soul, and he vented his pain in many caustic sayings against the deliciousness of sex. His followers are many, and the followers of Christ few. He, gentle to little children, loving the Magdalene, not as a pitiable outcast, but as

one realising His conception of love as a giving up of all things, said (and let all good people note this well) "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

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Friedrich Nietzsche

CHAPTER V

NIETZSCHE AND MORALS

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NIETZSCHE AND MORALS

Nietzsche a breaker of standard moral values—Mere morality valueless—Individuality the first thing to attain—Nietzsche a tonic—Views on sin and suffering—Antagonism to sympathy—Nietzsche's views on women—His attitude to Christianity.

NIETZSCHE, as he himself expresses it, is a breaker of standard values. He seeks to draw people from the herd. This is to court misinterpretation and crucifixion. The good, the just, and the orthodox make a hue-and-cry when a prophet has a new word for the same old religion and morality; but when he asks the good, the just, and the moral to re-value their own virtues, when he calls on them to re-value their values and to weigh their bad goodness in the balance with their good badness, as it were, they naturally rub their eyes. Neither

Christianity nor paganism fits this man's philosophy, and it always seems dangerous to the crowd to accept nameless ideals.

What does Nietzsche offer as a solution to some of the problems which beset thinking people? So much of his writing is obscure and apparently contradictory that it is very difficult to find out what his fundamental aim is. An orthodox Christian, a narrow moralist, indeed even a free thinker, reading his books may well be puzzled and somewhat terrified by what they find; but, whatever else may have happened to them before they finish his pages, they will have been made to think and to weigh their virtues and their vices in a new balance.

"Man," says Nietzsche, "is a connecting rope between the animal and the over-man, a rope over an abyss. What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what can be loved in man is that he is a transit and an exit."

Here is the key to some of his meaning. When he mocks, it is at the crawling under-

man. When he incites, it is to spur the man to hasten the coming of the over-man. As monkey is to man, so is man to the over-man, and all Nietzsche's commandments are to further the advent of this new creation or evolution. In doing this, he breaks down the idols of traditional Christianity and of morals ruthlessly. In *The Dawn of Day* he says that—

> "man has connected all things in existence with morals, and dressed up the world in a garb of ethical significance. The day will come when all this will be utterly valueless, as is already, in our days, the belief in the masculinity or femininity of the sun."

Looking upon morality as a mere obedience to customs, he feels it is intrinsically, on that very account, valueless. The great thing of value, he implies, is the absolute reality of a man's personal vision, whether it be moral, Christian, pagan, or even vicious. Morality always declares that the individual must sacrifice himself to the commandment of the current order of virtue. Nietzsche

would sacrifice the current morality to the inner vision of the man wise, sane, and single enough to have a vision. According to him, the free man is often called immoral, simply because he is determined in everything to depend upon this inner vision and not upon observance.

In *The Dawn of Day*, Nietzsche says truly:

"It is incalculable how much suffering just the rarer, choicer, and more original minds must have undergone in the course of history, owing to their ever being looked upon, nay, and their looking upon themselves, as evil and dangerous. Originality of every kind has acquired a bad conscience under the supreme rule of the morality of custom, and up to this very moment the heaven of the best, for the same reason, appears gloomier than it needs be."

Nietzsche ridicules the fear man has of his own individuality or of his sweetest and quietest visions. This fear, he feels, often makes a man, in order to escape from the subtle demands of his deepest self, rush into a restless mania of work, which Nietzsche

calls "machinal activity." From this he gets a "minute joy." Incessant activity, under the name of work, is what this strong, virile intellectualist considers a mere device to prevent dreams and reflection. In *Human, all too Human*, he says:

"It is the misfortune of the active that their activity is almost always somewhat senseless. The active roll like a stone in accordance with the stupidity of mechanics. All men are still divided, as they have ever been, into bond and free. Whoever has not two-thirds of the day to himself is a slave, no matter what he may be otherwise—statesman, merchant, official, or scholar."

Nietzsche is dubious about the "blessings of labour," unless, like asceticism, it is undertaken for a very definite end.

"Against any kind of affliction," he says, in *The Dawn of Day*, "or mental misery, we ought to try first of all a change of diet and hard manual labour."

"The greatest events," he says in *Zarathustra*, "are not our loudest, but our stillest hours. The world doth not revolve round the inventors of new noises, but round the inventors of new values."

Nietzsche's cry to us is still to re-value. He calls on us to face our strenuousness as well as our sins, to find out the true worth of all our endeavours, to introspect and decide what we are, what we are aiming at, and what goal we have before us. He declares that six things have been spoilt through their misuse by the Church. First asceticism, then fasting, the cloister, the festival or orgy, our spontaneous self, and death. If we truthfully take those points one by one and wrestle with Nietzsche's meaning with regard to them, we shall be nearer an understanding of this apparently stern iconoclast, and certainly nearer to a comprehension of our own souls.

The mere moralist and sentimentalist will put down much of Nietzsche's teaching as dangerous or insane. To assert that Nietzsche actually went mad, is, of course, a cheap way of refuting his doctrines. About his insanity one is inclined to believe his own words in *The Dawn of Day*, where he says

that in olden days, when insanity appeared, a grain of genius and wisdom, something "divine," as they whispered into each other's ears, was to be found. If Nietzsche's visions and thoughts were too much for the poor human brain which carried them, let us beware how we judge him, and only pray for a mental digestion strong enough to choose the good and reject the evil of the message he has left us.

Nietzsche did not go mad because he wrote philosophy, or even because he wrote against Christianity, any more than Maupassant went mad because he wrote novels. We have still to understand insanity before we can judge it. All with which we have to concern ourselves is to see to it that we do not drive our rarer and more sensitive brothers to the edge of it when they come with a new message. Crucifixion is not the only method of disposing of those who are pure in heart.

According to Nietzsche's philosophy a

man must never sacrifice the greater for the less, an eternal verity, a great human instinct, for a mere code, however noble that code may be. Had Domini, in Hichens's novel, *The Garden of Allah*, been a follower of Nietzsche, she would not have crushed in herself feelings more eternal than all mere moralities, and sent back the man she loved to live a lie in his living death. His monkhood, after a glance at the eternal verities with Domini, could have been only a tasteless offering to his God. But, given the belief in a rigid code of morality, neither Domini nor her lover could have acted differently.

It is, however, against such slavery to duties so called, to conventions and to religious and moral brutalities, which crucify natural and mystical instincts, that Nietzsche wages war. No over-man, he seems to argue, can evolve from a hypnotised or shackled under-man. Where goodness proceeds from an exuberanee of self, and not

from a repression of self, he believes in it, but he is very hard on the weaklings who think themselves good because they have lame paws. He says in *Zarathustra*:

"Thou shalt strive after the virtue of the pillar. It ever getteth more beautiful and tender, but inside ever harder and more able to bear the load the higher it ariseth."

His cry to us is to get rid of fear, to face evil, to re-value it, and to re-value goodness. To do this we must get rid of cowardice and of half-gods. It is a big call, and few dare respond. It means high flying and courage, for, to use his own words, "the higher a man flies, the smaller he appears to the crowd beneath," and we all know that the crowd beneath have almost superhuman powers to arrest flight.

In declaring that Nietzsche commands a man to follow his own inner vision it must not be imagined that he implies laxity. Nietzsche, virile thinker as he is, is in a

very real sense ascetic; his work abounds with calls to temperance and hardness. Asceticism to him does not mean a slaying of instincts and happiness. He takes the word in its literal Greek sense, which means to exercise oneself, to combat, so that in this sense an ascetic means an athlete.

This fact must always be borne in mind when reading Nietzsche, because, in the ordinary sense, asceticism means a hair-shirt and actual repression. Nietzsche defines chastity, for instance, as the economy of the artist. He would also call asceticism the athleticism of the strong man; and strong means always to Nietzsche the controlled and, therefore, the great man. In his *Genealogy of Morals* he says:

"My highest respect to the ascetic ideal in so far as it is honest, so long as it believes in itself and cuts no capers for us. I do not like the whited sepulchres which mimic life, agitators dressed up as heroes and who are at bottom tragic clowns only."

He resents the "enormous forgery in ideals, these best-distilled waters of the spirit," but towards the trained athlete in control and endurance, who is simple and single in his endeavours to live a hard, forcible, and sincere life his sympathy goes out. He feels that the true ascetic does not suffer senselessly. He wills to suffer and even seeks for suffering, because he knows the significance behind it. Nietzsche feels that, though asceticism has so far only brought suffering into the perspective of guilt, still, that point of view, crude as it is, has redeemed it from its senselessness and apparent cruelty. To suffer as an atonement is a higher view of the order of things than the conception of a jealous and angry God torturing mankind with no definite end in view.

Nietzsche is a tonic like quinine. There is no sedative quality in him. He braces and fortifies. As a protest against mere philanthropy and sentimental, theoretic love

of one's neighbour, his philosophy has its value in an age somewhat given over to forced sacrifices for others as a liberation of one's own soul. "To many a man it is not right to give thy hand, but only thy paw, and I want thy paws to have claws," is quite wholesome advice to those who, again to use his own words, are not on their "guard against the assaults of their love. The lonesome one stretches out his hand too readily to him whom he encounters."

His clear call to men and women, then, is a very individualistic one. In fact, it is supreme individualism that Nietzsche preaches with unflinching sincerity, a sincerity which spares no person and no point of view, ancient or modern. His demand for a total re-adjustment of moral values is for the individual to apply to his own life. His cry to men and women to make themselves as shining lights or precious jewels by building up and beautifying their

own characters is a healthy demand, if a one-sided one. In these days of universal panaceas for right living it is a sane voice which cries, "Begin reform on yourself—it is the only means of converting your neighbour."

His gospel may seem hard and almost unduly intellectual to a mere ethical sentimentalist who finds it easier to expound a gospel than to attempt to live it. In these days of mystic gropings and socialistic materialisms it is good to listen to the dictates of an egoist who cries:

"Be hard, learn to suffer with hardness, ignore mere sacrifices, and evolve yourself. By so doing you will help your neighbour better than by offering to carry his pack on your shoulders."

This gospel of hardness and apparent selfishness must, of course, be approached with a realisation of the fact that Nietzsche is one of those whose cry of warning is chiefly against himself.

Nietzsche, from all the evidence, was a man of very sensitive and tender nature, and his dread of where this might lead him accounts for an over-vigorous protest against a softness and sweetness of heart and soul for which the casual student of his hard sayings would scarcely credit him. Nietzsche is not a prophet of the soul at all. One must not expect the deepest word from him. Not merely is he devoid of what George Eliot called "other-worldliness," but it seems to me that he is without the higher wisdom. The essential wisdom which is childlike in faith and womanly in sympathy is lacking. He is a man of large intellectual ideals and courageous aims, a virile warrior of the intellect, a high-priest of culture and self-control. To this man knowledge, to use his own words in his *Gay Science*, is not—

"a couch of repose, or the way to a couch of repose, or an entertainment, or an idling. For me," he says, "it is a world of perils and triumphs, in

which the heroic sentiments also have their arena and dancing-ground. Life as a means to knowledge! With this principle in one's heart one not only can be brave, but can even live joyfully and laugh joyfully. And who could understand how to laugh well and live well who did not first of all understand war and triumph well?"

In his *Will to Power* he says:

"It is no small advantage to have a hundred swords of Damocles hanging over one; that way one learns to dance, and so one achieves freedom of movement."

This is a fine trumpet-call with which to take up life with more than Emersonian courage, for Emerson has a warmer word of sure comfort for us. Nietzsche's demand relies on the heroic quality inherent in a man simply because he is a man. He never calls on us to subdue our flesh or expand our spirit for the mere sake of virtue. He is not sure that moralists have not been smothering their morality with their own maxims. It is this he wants

each one of us to find out by being quite true to our inner vision.

To study Nietzsche carefully is to get a virile, intellectual, masterful record of a distinctly modern individuality. He has dared to face what morals are worth, not because he feels they are worthless, but because some of the people who believe in them and act up to their lights show a heaviness of heart and a lethargy of action which contrasts feebly with the dazzling swiftness and energy of the followers of sin. When the followers of morality have a shine and shimmer of joy in their deeds, and are gay under their accepted burdens, and take suffering and illness and death as their goodly heritage, there will be no need for a second Nietzsche to arise to ask us to weigh our Christianity and morality in the balance. The drab, pestilential self-sufficiency of many so-called good people is one of the stumbling-blocks to the weaker brethren. They halt lest they

also should become as grim as these heavy ones are.

As a tonic, a necessary tonic, Nietzsche's philosophy is very valuable. As a gospel it is, for some of us, quite inadequate. It is a mere weapon, not a whole armour. It is not warm or rich enough to subdue the hearts of women and nerve the souls of men, except in their fleeting moods. He is great as an incentive towards a fuller wisdom, of which he has perhaps suggested one or two keynotes, and he is a corrective of much which is flabby in our sentimental, humanitarian morality. He has certainly given us an unusual view of suffering, which harmonises with the view of it Hinton and Carpenter expound.

Nietzsche protests against suffering as a punishment or as an atonement. He looks upon it as the most valuable and educative event which can come to us, a true gift of the gods, like love or death. And by pain he means not self-sought suffering, but the

inevitable agony accompanying the great growths of each individual life. To shun suffering, according to Nietzsche, is to shun development, and so the shorter way to the over-man. He looks upon pain as a tool or implement, also as the father of pleasure. At the end of his satirical tirade about marriage and love, in which the best he can say for love is that at its height it is only an enraptured similitude and a dolorous glow, he adds:

> "It is a torch to light you to loftier paths. You are to love beyond yourselves some day. Then learn first of all to love; you had to drink the bitter cup of love on that account. There is bitterness even in the cup of the best love. It thus produces aspiration towards the over-man: it thus produces thirst in thee, the creating one."

Happiness, he seems to argue, mere personal happiness, is not a thing to be sought for its own sake, and suffering should be more joyously received than happiness. "It seems to me," he says, "who am favour-

ably inclined to life, that butterflies, soap-bubbles, and whatever is of a similar kind among human beings, enjoy most happiness." In his *Beyond Good and Evil* he says:

"You want, if possible—and there is not a more foolish 'if possible'—to do away with suffering. And we? It really seems that we would rather have it increased and made worse than it has ever been before. Well-being, as you understand it, is certainly not a goal; it seems to us an end, a condition, which at once renders man ludicrous and contemptible and makes his destruction desirable. The discipline of suffering, of great suffering, know ye not that it is only this discipline that has produced all the elevations of humanity hitherto? The tension of soul in misfortune which communicates to it its energy, its shuddering in view of rack and ruin, its inventiveness and bravery in steadfastly enduring, interpreting, and exploiting misfortune and whatever depth, mystery, disguise, spirit, artifice, or greatness has been bestowed upon the soul, has it not been bestowed through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering?

"In man, creature and creator are united. In man there is not only matter, shred, excess, clay,

mire, folly, chaos, but there is also the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divinity of the spectator and the seventh day. Do you understand this contrast? And that your sympathy for 'the creature in man' applies to that which has to be fashioned, bruised, forged, stretched, roasted, annealed, refined, to that which must necessarily suffer and is meant to suffer? And our sympathy? Do ye not understand what our converse sympathy applies to, when it resists your sympathy as the worst of all pampering and enervation?"

Sympathy for others means to him "trying to smooth away every sharp edge and corner in life, and so turning mankind into small, soft, round, infinite sand." His work abounds with such sentences as these: "What does not kill me strengthens me"; and again, "It is great affliction only that is the ultimate emancipation of the mind."

Nietzsche's attitude towards evil is as original as his attitude towards suffering. "All good things," he says, "were at one time bad things; every original sin has

developed into an original virtue." This is again a plea not to miss the virtue—to venture on a paradox—of evil. To understand evil, even to have had it as a circumstance in one's own life, is one of the best ways of understanding its other and better self—good.

"In the twilight of the gods," he says, "all passions have a time when they are fatal only, when, with the weight of their folly, they drag their victim down; and they have a later, a very much later, period, when they wed with spirit, when they are 'spiritualised.' To wage war against passion itself is folly, as great a folly as it was for the old dentist to pull out teeth because they gave pain. Deadly hostility against sensuality is always a critical symptom: one is thereby justified in making conjectures with regard to the general condition of such an extremist. Moreover, that hostility, that hatred, only reaches its height when such natures no longer possess sufficient strength for a radical cure."

Nietzsche is always waging war against the anti-naturalness of current morality.

One of his most beautiful and characteristic passages on this is in *Zarathustra.*

"Once thou hadst passions and calledst them evil. But now thou hast only thy virtues; they grew out of thy passions. Thou enlistedst those passions on behalf of thy highest aim; they then became thy virtues and joys.

"And though thou mightest be of the race of the hot-tempered, or of the voluptuous, or of the fanatical, or of the revengeful,

"All thy passions in the end became virtues and all thy devils angels. Once thou hadst wild dogs in thy cellar; but in the end they changed to birds and charming songstresses.

"Out of thy poisons thou hast brewed balsam for thyself; thou hast milked thy cow, affliction, and now thou drinkest the sweet milk of her udder.

"And henceforth nothing evil grows in thee any longer, unless it be the evil that arises out of the conflict of thy virtues."

"If man would no longer think himself wicked he would cease to be so," he says in *The Dawn of Day.*

To look upon suffering and evil as forces to help on towards the over-man, is perhaps

the keynote of Nietzsche's moral philosophy. "In nearly all crimes," he says, "some qualities are expressed which ought not to be absent in a man." To turn all so-called evil and deep suffering into forces for power and development, to have no waste of this vigorous raw material, is to advance, according to Nietzsche. His counsel with regard to the treatment of our enemies is almost the finest in his work, and has a distinctly new note in it.

"When ye have an enemy," he says in *Zarathustra*, "do not return him good for evil, for that would make him ashamed. But prove that he has done something good to you. And rather, even, be angry than make a person ashamed. And when ye are cursed, it is not my pleasure that ye should desire to bless. Better curse a little also."

His horror of self-righteousness, or of a magnanimity which savours of proving one's own virtue, is very healthy and refreshing. "We can only raise men we do not treat with contempt," he says. "Moral contempt is worse than any crime."

Cant of any kind is, to Nietzsche, the evil of evils, and sincerity of vision the great good. One of his ideas in *The Dawn of Day* might be compared with Edward Carpenter's philosophy, and it indicates a deeper wisdom than mere intellectual insight.

"You would like," he says, "to pose as discerners of men, but you shall not pass as such. Do you fancy that we do not notice that you pretend to be more experienced, deeper, more passionate, more perfect than you really are, as decidedly as we notice in yon painter a presumptuousness even in the way of using his brush; in yon musician, by the way he introduces his theme, a desire to set it off for higher than it really is? Have you ever experienced in yourselves a history, wild commotions, earthquakes, deep, long sadness, fleeting happiness? Have you been foolish with great and little fools? Have you really borne the weal and woe of good people, and also the woe and peculiar happiness of the most evil? Then speak of morality, but not otherwise."

He declares that the three things most hated and feared by the virtuous—voluptu-

ousness, thirst of power, and selfishness—have in them the kernels of the great virtues. Of voluptuousness he says:

"It is a sweet poison unto the withered only, but the great invigoration of the heart, and the reverently spared wine of wines for those who have the will of a lion. Voluptuousness! but I will have railings round my thoughts, and even round my words, that swine and enthusiasts may not break into my gardens!"

His will to power, and his antagonism to sympathy, which he considers weakness, make selfishness, hardness, and love of power virtues in his eyes. "Help thyself," he says, "then every one else helps thee." His conception of the four highest virtues is very characteristic of the man. First of all we are to be perfectly honest towards ourselves, and to all who are friendly to us; valiant in face of our enemy; generous to the vanquished; and polite, always, and in all cases. He advocates politeness as a defence against intrusion and petty inquisitions. "I am

polite unto them as I am to all small annoyances. To be bristly towards what is small, seemeth unto me to be a wisdom for hedgehogs." Force and lightness are the two things he admires. He says in the *Wagner* book that the first proposition of his æsthetics is that "everything divine runs with light feet," and all through his work we find the dancer spoken of symbolically in the most enthusiastic language.

Nietzsche has little to say of women. He is curiously reticent about them. In his philosophy there is evidently to be no over-woman. He says that it is only to men one should speak of women, and all through his work one finds the under-man, and not the over-man, judging women. "Everything in woman is a riddle," he says, "and everything in woman has one solution—pregnancy." Bernard Shaw has perhaps helped us to understand Nietzsche's gospel on women in his *Man and Superman*. "Man is for woman a means: the purpose is always

the child. But what is woman for man?" Nietzsche asks this question, and leaves it wisely unanswered.

"The true man," says Nietzsche, "wants two different things—danger and diversion. He therefore wants a woman as the most dangerous plaything." The best women are a little weary of this point of view. To be a toy or a danger, or both, is growing monotonous. Were woman not a consummate actress, and very kind-hearted, she would have dropped the rôle long ago. "In the true man," he says, "there is a child hidden: it wants to play. Up, then, ye women, discover, I pray you, the child in man." This is her mission, then, according to Nietzsche. It is an old-world one, and one far from contemptible—to bear children and to amuse. One is surprised to find, however, that Nietzsche expects from women—who are still cats and birds, he thinks, and the best of us cows—the greatest thing of all. "Let your hope be, 'May I bear the over-man,'"

he says. In his *Wagner* book he puts women in a strange category. "In the theatre," he declares, "one becomes mob, herd, woman, Pharisee, voting animal, patron, idiot, Wagnerian." "As yet," he says, in *Zarathustra*, "women are incapable of friendship." His definition of friendship being as high as that of Thoreau, it is possible that when a woman attains it she may be worthy to bear the over-man. "Art thou pure air and solitude and medicine to thy friend?" asks Thoreau.

"In a woman's love," Nietzsche says, "there is unfairness and blindness to all she does not love. And even in woman's enlightened love there are still outbreaks and lightnings, and night along with the light." In his *Wagner* essay he declares, "Woman would like to believe that love can do all. It is a superstition peculiar to herself. Alas! he who knows the heart finds out how poor, helpless, pretentious, and liable to error even the best, the deepest love is; how it rather destroys than saves." In the same essay he says, "Man is cowardly before all that is eternally feminine; women know it. In many cases of feminine love (perhaps precisely in the most

celebrated cases), love is only a more refined parasitism, a nesting in a strange soul, sometimes even in a strange body. Ah! at what expense always to 'the host'!" One wonders if the old woman in *Zarathustra* gave the subtlest advice a woman can give a man about her sex. "Thou goest to women?" she asks. "Do not forget the whip!"

"Women always intrigue in secret against the higher souls of their husbands; they seek to cheat them out of the future for the sake of a painless and comfortable present." "We think woman deep. Why? Because we never find any depth in her. Woman is not even shallow."

These reflections on woman are worth quoting, because, as I have said before, Nietzsche is a tonic, and wise women read him with an open mind, though, possibly, with the suspicion of a smile.

We must always approach Nietzsche with no fear of our own belief, or semi-belief, but with this open mind. We must remember his own words:

"The longing for a strong belief is not evidence of a strong belief; rather the contrary. When one has this belief one may allow one's self the choice luxury

of scepticism; one is sufficiently sure, sufficiently resolute, and sufficiently bound for doing so."

Nietzsche declares that we refute a thing best by laying it respectfully on ice. But his attitude towards Christianity is the attitude of a man with a red-hot poker in his hand. He dares to ask the question, "Is man only a mistake of God, or God only a mistake of man?" He demands of philosophers that they take up their position beyond good and evil, and he asks them to become superior to the illusion of moral sentiment, which belongs, in his mind, as religious sentiment does, to a stage of ignorance. Few of us, as he says, have the courage for what we really know, and Nietzsche is unspeakably valuable to any reader of his who learns through him to re-value all he values most. We need have no fear. Wisdom and truth are not soap-bubbles; they do not burst by being examined. To re-value is always a painful process, and means loss as well as gain. The

advantage of doing it is that what is left is one's very own, bought often at a great price, but a treasure which no man can take away. Nietzsche's attitude to religion and morals is in this way a very necessary and helpful one. "If there were no graves," he says, "there would be no resurrections."

Perhaps Nietzsche's attitude to life and morals is well summed up in one of the finest passages in *Zarathustra*:

"He who is emancipated in spirit has still to purify himself. Many traces of the prison and the mould still remain in him; his eye has yet to become pure. Yea, I know thy danger. But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not away thy love and thy hope!

"Thou still feelest thyself noble, and the others also still feel thee noble who bear thee a grudge and cast evil looks. Know this, that to every one a noble one stands in the way.

"A noble one stands also in the way of the good; and, even when they call him good, they want thereby to thrust him aside.

"The noble one wants to create something new,

he wants to make a new virtue. The good man wants what is old, he wants the old to be retained. But the danger of the noble one is not lest he become a good man, but lest he become a bully, a scoffer, a destroyer.

"Ah! I have known noble ones who lost their highest hope. And then they disparaged all high hopes. They then lived unabashed, gratifying temporary pleasures, and seldom laid out plans for more than a day.

"'Spirit is voluptuousness!' they said. Then the wings of their spirit broke, and now it creeps about, befouling where it gnaws.

"Once they thought of becoming heroes; now they are sensualists. The hero is a trouble and a terror to them.

"But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not away the hero in thy soul! Maintain holy thy highest hope!

"I do not exhort you to work, but to fight. I do not exhort you to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a battle, let your peace be a victory."

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Edw. Carpenter

CHAPTER VI

EDWARD CARPENTER'S MESSAGE TO HIS AGE

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Carpenter's personal serenity—Reason for this—His attitude to the problems of the moment—His conception of true democracy—His attitude to love, death, and failure—Real life from within—Faith and its result.

EDWARD CARPENTER, to use his own words, is one of those—

"who dream the impossible dream, and it comes true; who hear the silent prayers; who accept the trampling millions, as the earth, dreaming, accepts the interminable feet of her children; who dream the dream which all men always declare futile; who dream the hour which is not yet on earth, and, lo! it strikes."

In these days of storm and stress, not only in politics, but in morals and personal faith, it is refreshing to study the works of a man who is at peace with himself. Neither

Hinton nor Nietzsche had reached personal serenity. There is nothing so certain to confound the tangible as the intangible. The true idealist is the mover of men and communities. When God whispers him in the ear, as Browning puts it, there and then the newer thought, the wider plan in the progress of human affairs, is a certainty. When a man joins on to the expression of his vision the simple expression of himself, and walks in and out among his fellows, content to ignore mere culture and intellectualism, but not content to ignore a single phase of suffering, we have a subtle, far-reaching influence which confounds the worldly wise, and helps the strugglers of this world towards a newer vision.

Edward Carpenter is such a driving force. Probably no man of the age has just the same all-round message for the vital needs of the age as this man. His philosophy has a subtle suggestiveness for every-day use in politics, economics, morals, domes-

ticity, and all the complexities of modern civilisation. His practical aims and suggestions are worth what they are because, to Carpenter, first and foremost, the things of the spirit are essential. It is the mystic in him which drives him to the socialist's working ground, where the aim among the true modern workers is to give to every man and every woman on earth an equal opportunity with every other man and every other woman. Their perfectly just cry for equality, and the plea of the masses to gain the rights which the classes monopolise, in many mouths merely means that there should be a turning of tables; that the labourer should step into the dull shoes of the tyrant, whose god may possibly not be his belly, but often seems to be his banking account. A transference from the classes to the masses of materialistic well-being is no solution of the social evil.

It is the seer in Carpenter which makes him take the part of his fur-coated and four-

footed brothers against the vivisectionist and the slaughter-house torturer. To him nothing is low or mean, and our brothers the animals come in for his love and mercy as much as the outcast, and even the self-righteous.

He is not merely a vegetarian, a socialist, an anarchist. Fads are, indeed, his abhorrence. He is a seer in the only real sense of that word, for he is one who sees and loves beyond himself. His message is the message of one who sees clearly, who thinks sanely, and who lives uncompromisingly. "Ask no questions," he says; "all that you have, for love's sake, spend." It is the visionary which makes him do any bit of practical scavenging, so to speak, to clear the world of lust and hypocrisy, disguised under the names of love and expediency.

Carpenter is not the practical man with a glimpse of his vision. He is the man of vision, who as a consequence, an imperative outcome of his vision, demands a practical

output for his ideals. The prophet in him lays a stress upon simplification of life, not because he believes it to be an end in itself, but because it is a means to an end.

Few of us, even the poorest, have actually put in practice the true conditions of the simplicity of life, for nothing is so elaborate and involved and wasteful as the way the poor live. They have no knowledge of the simplest digestible cooking, and the domestic method and cleanliness in their homes, if it exists, is obtained at an expenditure of energy and nerve-strain which is pitiable. Many tiny homes could be rendered beautiful to-day, and many faces made bright and cheery, in spite of bad wages, if the owners of the homes understood true simplicity of living.

In all his work, as in his life, Carpenter makes no compromise with the practical difficulties of the moment. Here and now, he declares, the rich and the poor alike can begin to live beautifully and simply. Life

can be reduced to terms of sense and beauty as apart from extravagance and show. His followers mistake him when they consider that his ideal of simplification—his sandal-wearing and his vegetarianism—are the main outcome of the great message he has for his age. They are mere details of his social solution towards the equality of opportunity involved in any rational socialistic or even Christian teaching, for socialism is a mere detail in a much wider scheme of reform.

Carpenter's emphasis, again, on a minimum of clothing is not a plea for a return to savagery, but the demand of Nature's child that there should be as few wrappings as possible between the temple of the body and the Holy Ghost encompassing it. He insists on a vote for women, not because the vote in itself is an essential to the true life of either a man or a woman, but because justice is, and what is just for the man in this question is just for the woman. He would induce men to become vegetarians,

not because the eating of flesh is an accursed thing, but because cruelty and hardness of heart, which as yet are bound up with the killing of animals, are accursed things. He would strive to alter the prison system, not because he fails to perceive that suffering and discipline are necessary for reform, but because he realises that the mental attitude of the judge towards the offender is often to-day as anti-social and anti-Christian as the attitude of the offender towards society.

Carpenter's value as a reformer is, that his message or philosophy can be applied equally to the right making of a pudding or the fine framing of new national laws, and yet the very pith of his message has to do with the things which are not temporal, but eternal. People who consider themselves practical and hard-headed say, "Yes, idealism is all very well, but I want something tangible." Let them realise, then, that they can have it in Carpenter's message. A thought produced the steam-engine; and the Christ

whom we slay every hour and worship every Sunday only gave us thoughts to mould into action.

Twenty years ago it was quite a usual thing to hear Edward Carpenter spoken of as a madman, an impossible eccentric, and a teacher of dangerous doctrines. The forerunner, then, was disowned by the crowd. It is usual enough now to hear this same man spoken of as a divine messenger, a prophet, a seer.

The transition from condemnation to recognition in the case of this particular teacher has been curiously swift.[1] Why is this? Simply because the man himself and his message are really expressions of what is actually round about us. Edward Carpenter, even as a personality, is not so rare a manifestation of individual harmony as he was twenty years ago, for the simple reason

[1] It is interesting to note that, like so many prophets, Carpenter's recognition has come first from abroad. In Germany his books have long been known, and have passed through many editions in translation.

that sincerity, singleness, and simplicity are contagious, and are even becoming fashionable. Edward Carpenter is now only one of many teachers of democratic mysticism, though on some matters he still remains curiously alone. Perhaps his own words in the beginning of *Towards Democracy* express this:

"I am the poet of hitherto unuttered joy.

A little bird told me the secret in the night, and henceforth I go about seeking to whom to whisper it.

I see the heavens laughing, I discern the half-hidden faces of the gods wherever I go, I see the transparent-opaque veil in which they hide themselves, yet I dare not say what I see, lest I should be locked up!

Children go with me, and rude people are my companions. I trust them, and they me. Day and night we are together and are content.

To them what I would say is near; yet is it in nothing that can be named, or in the giving or taking of any one thing; but rather in all things."

Carpenter has found out what he believes in and he is living it, and is perfectly and

serenely happy, as a man or woman only can be happy when the inner and outer life harmonise. He has deliberately cast aside all pretences of living in order to live in reality. This perhaps is what makes his great practical value for us, as out of this has grown the inner light in the man which is so strangely beautiful. He is a man of wisdom more than of mere knowledge—the wisdom which is childlike, saintlike, and in him distinctly pagan too.

Carpenter's development was a gradual one, from the Broad Church point of view to the sanest conclusions of a spiritual democrat. He was once a curate under Frederick Maurice. He slowly but surely began to realise that he could not go on preaching under limited conditions, so he left the Church.

He was a Cambridge lecturer, and during his Extension work in different towns he began to look into the lives of the poor, the criminal, the chanceless, and the despised.

This brought him nearer to socialism, and so he abandoned talking and began to think. He was not actually poor, and so had leisure to come to conclusions, but he soon left the "undesirable mansions," with their conventions, and came to his own. His discovery of Walt Whitman was the means to this end; and it is extremely interesting to the student of both men to note their apparent likeness and their fundamental differences.

Carpenter found himself through Walt Whitman; but the temperaments of the two men, and, in consequence, their messages are both individual and valuable in different ways. Carpenter began to realise that no cleric, no middle-class idler, no conventional philanthropist, no mere self-seeker or maxim-maker, and no insincere person can radically alter institutions till they have altered themselves. It is always a painful process to re-adjust life on a new basis. Carpenter has never regretted doing this, though to the

casual observer he seemed to have nothing left. He abandoned office, position, social fussiness and entanglements, and lived a simple life in a cottage. He had found peace and had delivered himself from all shams of every sort and kind.

To the believer in luxuries, to the dweller in cities, to the bewildered but strenuous philanthropist, it could not seem anything but the act of a madman that Carpenter should live the life of a simple workman and refuse to compete with or enslave his fellow men or to eat animals. That he could reduce life to simplicity without making himself inefficient or miserable seemed to many impossible. To dream dreams and to see new spiritual visions as a sequel to hard work seemed too absurd a solution of a social problem. Happily the marriage of ideas between the East and the West has begun to teach us that a man's real life does not, cannot, exist in externals, nor does it wholly consist in strenuous action,

but in the possession of one's own soul and its peace.

"Do not be discouraged by the tiny insolences of people," says Carpenter; "for yourself, be only careful that you are true." To this man it appears that it is not so much what happens that matters, for life is a very tiny stage in a very long journey, according to him. The happy man is not the one who has possessions, but who has himself in possession. This socialist seems to say that it is not what we gain, but what we *are* that matters. His democracy does not demand only that a man shall return to the community an equivalent of what he takes from it, but it demands also that he should "walk in and out among his fellows accepted," returning to them some of his own inner vision.

Edward Carpenter is a prophet of the soul and of the body. He proclaims the emancipation of the soul through the completion of its relation to the body. In his

gospel paganism and Christianity are not at war, but are allies. All our faculties, all our instincts, and even all our weaknesses, are so much raw material to aid the life of the soul. To over-emphasise the body is to hide the soul.

"The body," he declares, "is a root of the soul." To despise the body, as the ascetic, is as stupid as to despise the soul. To despise the soul is to miss the subtleties and sweetnesses of all the wonderful functions of the body.

"The soul invading," makes the body its temple, according to Carpenter, and its desires thus become educative and righteous when they are understood. Perhaps one of the most beautiful things Edward Carpenter has interpreted for us is the way the real self enters into relationship with the body. In *The Art of Creation* he says—

"that the individual should conceive and know himself, not as a toy and chance product of his own bodily heredity, but as identified and continuous

with the Eternal Self, of which his body is a manifestation: this is indeed to begin a new life and to enter a hitherto undreamed world of possibilities."

"Beware," he says elsewhere, "lest it (the body) become thy grave and thy prison instead of thy winged abode and palace of joy.

For (over and over again) there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil, if it have mastery over a man;

And there is no passion or power, or pleasure or pain, or created thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of, or ashamed at.

The ascetics and the self-indulgent divide things into good and evil—as it were to throw away the evil;

But things cannot be divided into good and evil, but all are good so soon as they are brought into subjection."

This idea, that "the soul's slow disentanglement" is dependent on the way we use, not crush, the powers of the body now, is startling in its truth. His very insistence on the body's claim makes us

feel as we read him that he knows the soul is ultimately all.

"In the antechambers of the body, beautiful as they are, you shall look in vain for the Master. In the antechamber of the intellect, important as it is, it is vain to tarry. In the antechambers of art and morality you shall not tarry overlong. All conventions left aside, all limitations passed, all shackles dropped, the husks and sheaths of ages falling off, at length the wanderer returns to Heaven."

And again:

"When the ideal has once alighted, when it has looked forth from the windows, with ever so passing a glance upon the earth, then we may go in to supper, you and I, and take our ease; the rest will be seen to."

This optimist, and materialist too if you like, but above all mystic and spiritualist, tells us calmly that there must be no less scrubbing of doorsteps for us (if that happens to be our work) because of this new vision of welded souls and bodies making for immor-

tality. The stimulating fact in Carpenter's philosophy is, that out of the humanising of any instinct from the animalism primarily involved in it, comes the true spiritualisation of it. First the root, the human; then the flower, the spiritual.

"The main thing is," he says, "that the messenger is perhaps even now at your door, and to see that you are ready for his arrival.

A little child, a breath of air, an old man hobbling on crutches, a bee lighting on the page of your book, who knows whom he may send?

Some one diseased or dying, some friendless, outcast, criminal—one whom it shall ruin your reputation to be seen with—yet see that you are ready for his arrival."

"The stones," he says, for his temple "are anywhere and everywhere; the temple-roof is the sky.

The materials are the kettle boiling on the fire, the bread in the oven, the washing-dolly, the axe, the gavelock—the product is God.

And the little kitchen where you live, the shelves, the pewter, the nightly lamp, the fingers and faces of your children—a finished and beautiful Transparency of your own Body."

There is no shirking of everyday duties, no lethargy or swoon of the spirit, no indecent haste to save one's own soul and let the bodies of men suffer for need of our helping hands. "If I am not level with the lowest, I am nothing," says this man. Only "from yourself to yourself I can deliver you, and from the bonds of action"—never from action itself, only from hurry, self-importance, husks and empty masks of worldly wisdom, fear, self-interest, and cruelty. From these he would have us absolutely disentangle ourselves.

In his work, as in his life, Carpenter makes no compromise with the practical difficulties of the moment. Here and now, he says, each individual can begin to realise and to do the highest he knows. Democratic in the real sense, he tells us plainly how the true democracy can be evolved, though Carpenter does not place enough insistence on beauty as not only not harm-

ful, but absolutely essential to any condition of true living.[1]

So many people think, if they have an ill-fitting dress, eat a badly cooked dinner, and have no ravishment in the clean, sweet uses of the senses, they are leading a moral life. It is a profound depth of immorality to be able to live without beauty, and perhaps the most tragic thing in our social system is, that, while one class has a surfeit of luxury and show, which they mistake for beauty, another class is deprived of beauty altogether. It is more beauty we want and less luxury. The moment capitalists or millionaires become imbued with Carpenter's spirit, they will be content to die possessed of one pound and fourpence-halfpenny, as Cardinal Manning died, because they would have distributed all they had to those who were handicapped in the

[1] Even in *Angels' Wings,* a volume of essays dealing mainly with art, he is chiefly concerned with moral and social questions.

race of life. This is not an insane idea. It is only the Christianity we preach and forget to live.

But, though the man imbued with Carpenter's message would only care to die poor, he should see to it during his life that every useful thing about him was beautiful, because then it would not only give adequate payment to the makers, but give them sheer joy in their work. The very curse of modern civilisation is the rush and hurry to make shoddy things, which do not spiritually benefit the one who makes them or the one who uses them.

Most of us who believe in the other side of things at all, believe that there, at any rate, will be an increase in beauty. The best preparation for that is to get as much loveliness as we can out of the raw material we have on earth, and to see to it, above all, that every other man and woman gets it too. The lack of beauty is as demoralising as the lack of food.

To feed souls and bodies should be the

aim of any nation calling itself, not only righteous, but sane and practical. Some form of labour ought to become the daily portion of all of us, so that we allow men and women, as far as possible, to be ends in themselves, and not mere means to the private ends of another. Edward Carpenter, the practical seer, declares that it is mainly in doing these necessary things that the spiritual insight comes.

To rid life of snobbery and class prejudice tends towards the understanding of the criminal and the sufferer, apart from all questions of philanthropy and expediency. The vice of separateness is to Carpenter the veritable sin against the Holy Ghost. Perhaps it is this attitude of democratic solidarity, combined with visionary mysticism, which places him in the forefront of modern teachers.

We may read Carpenter's gospel and honestly declare that it is too hard for us, but the peace beyond all mere moralities

or intellectualisms breathes from it. Of course his religion is mainly of the spirit, and to many, as yet, the work of the soul seems unreal and without apparent result in politics, commerce, and the daily struggle of life. For these, the mystic Carpenter has a practical demand. Leave soul alone then, he seems to say, and don't batten on bodies, either human or brute, and the rest will be seen to. This man, who sometimes appears to be almost sentimentally lenient to the sinner, can thunder out invectives against the "philanthropic chatterboxes" and the hinderers of real life. In the beginning of his *Towards Democracy* his sledge-hammer eloquence leaves us no doubt of his views about social parasitism. Carpenter, however, being the seer and not the mere social democrat, knows there is a great hope, a big reality of living, behind these conventional contortions.

"Apart from all evil," he says, "from all that seems to you evil, your soul, my friend, that towards

The Hut at Millthorpe
in which Towards Democracy was mainly written.

which you aspire, your true Self, rides above your phantasmal self continually. If there were chance it were evil, but there is not. The soul surrounds chance and takes it captive."

It is this phantasmal self, with its masks and antics, he would have us understand and gradually slip away from to our real self, and this demand is at the root of Carpenter's philosophy.

"To be Yourself, to have measureless trust, to enjoy all, to possess nothing. To entertain no possible fear or doubt about the upshot of things. To be Yourself, to have measureless Trust. Perhaps that is best of all?" This knowledge he expresses in almost a sentence: "Deep as the universe is my life, and I know it; nothing can dislodge the knowledge of it; nothing can destroy, nothing can harm me."

This is the secret of all this man's peace; his belief in the ultimate upshot of things and his readiness to accept the small and the great demands which direction, not chance, bring to his hand. From this combination of belief and action he finds what are

the real inner meanings of freedom and joy, love and death, about which we all ponder and agonise when the masks are laid aside and our real selves are face to face with our phantasmal selves. He is single, and so his weaknesses have ceased to be hypocrisies and his virtues are not grim and heavy. He is too much of a humorist to be a mere ethical leader. He is too much of a woman to be completely and dogmatically logical; and he is so much a child that he has neared the beginnings of essential wisdom. The man who could write *Squinancy Wort* and the *Baby Song* could never be anything but a large, human-hearted seer of the sweetnesses and mysticisms of what is very small and very large.

"Freedom," says Carpenter, "has to be won afresh every morning"—the freedom of the spirit, wherein joy dwells, and doubt and fear are cast aside. The forming of the wings of man beneath the outer husk is a slow process, and almost, according to

his views, a matter of habit. "Freedom must be won afresh every morning." Alongside this command, all through his work, there is a refrain which seems at one with Nature, "Do not hurry; have faith." Always in his philosophy we find dualities. Here we have activity and resignation. We are to act, but not to be caught in the bonds of the act. We are to aid in getting towards the upshot of things, but never to be concerned at apparent failure, disaster, or loss. With the calm assurance of one who knows, he tells us that sorrow is a gift of gifts, the revealer of joy, and that death, wrongly called the arch-fiend, is the way to freedom and joy and expansion. Death, to him, is indeed a mere "passing along." "Death shall change as the light in the morning changes; death shall change as the light 'twixt moonset and dawn." And again:

"Oh, blessed is he that has passed away!
Blessed, alive or dead, whom the bitter taunts of

existence reach not—nor betrayals protruded from dear faces, nor weariness, nor cold, nor pain—dwelling in heaven, and looking forth in peace upon the world.

Blessed, thrice blessed, by day, by night! Blessed who sleeps with him, blessed who eats, walks, talks, blessed who labours in the field beside him; blessed whoever, though he be dead, shall know him to be eternally near."

In his poem, "To One who is Where the Eternal are," we have the more personal note, and at the end we get the simple wisdom of one who has lost and then found, and for whom the "noiseless wing" has no more terrors. "Man has to learn to die, quite simply and naturally, as the child has to learn to walk," he says.

It is not only towards death itself that Carpenter presents a new conception of values, so to speak. He has comfort for those who find a death in life through being denied just those things which seem to be advantages and passports to social help, friendly relationships, and lovely joys.

"What if your prayers had been granted? What if you had become exceptional, and had secured for yourself a place with the strong and the gifted and the beautiful? What if, when you arrived, the eyes of all had been turned upon you: and when you passed by—one by one—sad, thoughtful, depressed, the weak more conscious of his or her weakness, the stupid more conscious of stupidity, the deformed more painfully conscious of his or her deformity, to their solitary chambers, they had gone apart and prayed they had never been born?

What if you had taken advantage of the weak and defenceless and oppressed of the whole earth, and had bartered away belief in the soul standing omnipotent in the most despised things? What if you had gladly disguised and covered your own defect, allowing thus the ignorant ridicule of the world to fall more heavily on those who could not or would not act a lie?

What if you had been a rank deserter, a cowardly slave, taking refuge always with the stronger side? Ah! what if to one weary traveller in the world, in the steep path painfully mounting, you making it steeper still had added the final stone of stumbling and despair?

Better to be effaced, crazy, criminal, deformed, degraded. Better, instead of the steep, to be the most dull, flat, and commonplace road.

Better to go clean underfoot of all weak and despised persons, so that they shall not even notice that you are there ;

None so rude and uneducated but you shall go underfoot of them; none so criminal but you shall, when the occasion serves, go underfoot of them ; none so outcast but they shall pass along you and not even notice that you are there."

In Carpenter's philosophy, " far around and beyond whatever is exceptional and illustrious in human life stretches that which is average and unperceived." His love of humanity is not the posing, half-hearted philanthropy of gentlefolk, but an understanding of the pains of human growth, and a loving acceptance of all limitations of the body and soul by one who is seer enough to know the end.

Of love, death's twin, Carpenter has much to say. Here the forerunner is indeed in evidence, for he holds the secret how to " make thyself fit for the perfect love which awaits, and which can alone satisfy thee." His interpretation of love is far enough

removed from the conventional idea of absorption, possession, almost feudalistic tyranny. It is the love of the real lover who only wants to bless and not to hold to give and not to take. To realise ever so little Carpenter's idea of love is to approach the time when there will be no chains and no vulgarity in love, no divorce courts, no revenge, no social inquisition for the reform of personal emotions, no unselfish selfishness, for there will be only love in its rare loveliness, which makes for life and breadth and joy and unity, and which cannot hinder or injure, simply because it is love.

Carpenter has realised that self-absorbed, possessive love, however apparently unselfish, is death, and chains the one who gives and the one who takes.

"Who loves the mortal creature, ending there, is no more free. He has given himself away to death.

For him the slimy black form lies in wait at every turn, befouling the universe;

Yet he who loves must love the mortal, and he who would love perfectly must be free:

(Love—glorious though it be—is a disease as long as it destroys or even impairs the freedom of the soul.)

Therefore, if thou wouldest love, withdraw thyself from love.

Make it thy slave, and all the miracles of nature shall lie in the palm of thy hand."

"Return into thyself, content to give, but asking no one, asking nothing;

In the calm light of His splendour who fills all the universe, the imperishable, indestructible of ages, dwell thou, as thou canst dwell, contented."

Here, again, on this matter of love, is the apparent contradiction, the plea for the personal, which is right and good and sweet, and the denial or subjection of it.

"Now understand me well:

There is no desire or indulgence that is forbidden; there is not one good and another evil. All are alike in this respect. In place all are to be used.

Yet, in using, be not entangled in them; for then already they are bad, and will cause thee suffering.

When thy body, as needs must happen at times, is carried along on the wind of passion, say not thou, 'I desire this or that.'

For the 'I' neither desires nor fears anything, but is free and in everlasting glory, dwelling in heaven and pouring out joy like the sun on all sides. Let not that precious thing by any confusion be drawn down and entangled in the world of opposites, and of death and suffering.

For as a lighthouse beam sweeps with incredible speed over sea and land, yet the lamp itself moves not at all,

So, while thy body of desire is (and must be by the law of its nature) incessantly in motion in the world of suffering, the 'I' high up above is fixed in heaven.

Therefore, I say, let no confusion cloud thy mind about this matter;

But ever when desire knocks at thy door,

Though thou grant it admission and entreat it hospitably, as in duty bound—

Fence it yet gently off from thy true self,

Lest it should tear and rend thee."

"Seek not the end of love in this act or in that act, lest indeed it become the end;

But seek this act and that act and thousands of acts whose end is love.

So shalt thou at last create that which thou now desirest; and then, when these are all past and gone, there shall remain to thee a great and immortal possession, which no man can take away."

All the way through Carpenter's books, what he makes us feel is, that nothing and no one can rob us of our real life, which is from within, and which can only gradually develop through pain and loss and disentanglement, not seen as these, but as sheaths covering the new life of the soul.

"Not," he says, "by running out of yourself after it comes the love which lasts a thousand years.

If to gain another's love you are untrue to yourself, then you are also untrue to the person whose love you would gain.

Him or her whom you seek will you never find that way, and what pleasure you have with them will haply only end in pain.

Remain steadfast, knowing that each prisoner has to endure in patience till the season of his liberation. When the love comes which is for you, it will turn the lock easily and loose your chains—

Being no longer whirled about nor tormented

by winds of uncertainty, but part of the organic growth of God himself in time—

Another column in the temple of immensity—
Two voices added to the eternal choir."

Edward Carpenter is indeed a forerunner, not only of a robust and sane democracy, but of a sincere spirituality, a spirituality which cannot be content to preach or to merely be preached to, but must manifest itself in love. Where this man's great value lies is in his absolute belief in and reverence for, not only Nature and humanity, but that unnamable something behind all material manifestations which makes the whole scheme of things logical and trustworthy. To be at one in faith with this is to have won that peace which passes all intellectual understanding; and Carpenter has realised very clearly just the few ways in which it can be revealed. In Carpenter, though you find the spiritual food which satisfies, you also find the necessary warning to retain common sense and sanity by his

plea for definite democratic action in this world.

Like Whitman, he believes that social regeneration will come through a robust democracy. He would say to a believer: "Just because you have faith in these inner things do your practical work as a true man or woman. Shun nothing, despise no one, and do the thing at your hand as perfectly as it is possible for you to do it. The delicate perceptions, the great inner knowledge, are not hindered, but strengthened in this way."

In *England's Ideal* he gives the note of warning:

"Anyhow," he says, "courage is better than conventionality. Take your stand and let the world come round to you. Do not think you are right and everybody else wrong. If you think you are wrong, then you may be right; but if you think you are right, then you are certainly wrong. Your deepest, highest moral conceptions are only for a time. They have to give place. They are the envelopes of freedom, that eternal freedom which cannot be

represented, that peace which passes understanding. Somewhere here is the invisible vital principle, the seed within the seed. It may be held but not thought, felt but not represented, except by life and history. Every individual, so far as he touches this, stands at the source of social progress."

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